

# Zion's Herald.

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building of Zion. Let every member see to it that they now work for God and for the salvation of their neighbors, kinsfolk and acquaintance. So doing, your church will find her financial barns, which perhaps are now so empty, filled with plenty, and her presses bursting with the new wine of the gospel. Then will sinners be saved, saints sanctified, the church edified, and God glorified. Work while it is called to-day! Now is the accepted time. Behold now is pre-eminently the day of salvation!

**BAD ADVICE.**—*The Independent* in a lecture to school-girls on reading advises them to "avoid voluminous history—Rollin, Hume, Gibbon. Choose some great period, say the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. Read some general outline, perhaps Sismondi's little work under that name, avoiding Gibbon, which is too large." We hope no girl of any age or sex will mind that advice. It is vicious, special and general. There is no other history of the topic he mentions except Gibbon's. There probably never will be. It is the grandest poem in English literature. Though flavored with infidelity, and in spots fearfully wicked, it is as a history of European men and nations for more than a thousand years, the best ever written. Three months devoted to it will master it, and with Milman's Notes as a corrective, the most tempted mind can read safely, while as a piece of art, wit, learning, clearness and melody it is without a parallel in any literature. Herodotus is far below in some points; Hallam, Bancroft, Prescott and Macaulay in almost all.

Nor is it wise to fritter away one's hours on compends and syllabuses. Read the best books thoroughly. Be master of one mind and you have the key to all. Hume is better than Agnes Strickland. Froude's ten volumes on Henry and Elizabeth are worth more in every respect than a score of briefs. Let every reader subdue the field he enters, whether it be large or small. Choose the best history and read it. Merivale, Gibbon, Grote, Froude, with all their length, are full of life, power, variety and educative capacity. The same is true of all other literature,—poetry, philosophy, science, theology. Never read skeletons of the latter, but the best studies of the best men.

**WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON AND NEAL DOW.**—The appearance of these two leaders at the Prohibition Breakfast suggested to many minds the striking analogy of their careers. Both are leaders in kindred reforms. The one has delivered the land from a curse that began with its beginning and grew with its greatness. The other has organized the same victory against an iniquity of the same antiquity, and that has swelled to a like horrible magnitude. Its legal extirpation is the goal alike of the war against intemperance and slavery. Against enormous wealth, ancient usage, political power, social contempt, the base treachery of not a few of the literary and clerical orders, and the general embruting of the masses, the great battle with slavery was fought out to its glorious issue. So the present conflict against the same forces will meet with the same triumph, and future generations, freed from the presence of that slavery which subjects man in bondage to man, and that other slavery which puts him in bondage to his own appetites,—without the sight of a slave or a grogshop,—will hold in high and eternal honor the chief fathers, under God, of this divine deliverance and advancement of humanity, William Lloyd Garrison and Neal Dow.

**PRIDE AND POVERTY** never went more perfectly hand in hand than in the South to-day. The rich planter is so reduced that he has hardly bread to eat or raiment to put on. Plantations,—without the slaves,—sell for a few cents an acre, and nobody is able to buy them at that figure. Such a change has sin wrought in them. They are now as ragged and penniless as their slaves once were. Meantime their pride and hatred are unabated. They may have no coat to their back, but they are still covered; for they clothe themselves in cursing as in a garment; a warm garment is it too, burning their souls with its avenging fires. The negro, the

North, Congress and the Yankee, are freely abused. Iniquity abounds. Murders are rife. The evil passions of the degraded whites are inflamed against their harmless brethren, who are quietly eating the manna God in his providence, frugally but sufficiently provides. The President aids their nefarious work with every means, malice, cunning and cruelty can devise. He sets aside impartial rulers, and is preparing to abolish all the late right and loyal constitutions. Congress plays vacation, and shrinks from the duty which every cry of safety and justice demands of them. To this condition the haughty South has come. How shall she be treated? Generously and justly. If thine enemy hunger, feed him. So doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. The North should see that these prodigal sons are fed even while they are unrepentant. He had husks, if not the fatted sheep. All that charity is able to afford should be freely given. It may lead them to repentance and their father's house. If not, it will vindicate our good name, and enable us to push the great work of reconstruction to its only righteous issue.

**THE MASSACHUSETTS LEGISLATURE** opened its session on the 1st inst. Mr. Brastow was elected President of the Senate; Mr. Jewell, Speaker of the House. Sixteen votes were cast for a Prohibition candidate for President, only five short of a majority. Great efforts were made by the Poor Liquor League to prevent the election of Mr. Robinson to the clerkship of the House, and Mr. Morrissey as Sergeant-at-Arms. The former had enraged them by his plain and truthful declarations as to the moral character and effects of their organization, the latter by his efforts to elect Prohibitionists in the late election; but both were triumphantly elected. Mr. Brastow recognized the Prohibition votes that elected him by at least a golden silence; but Mr. Jewell forgot that he was the nominee of a Republican caucus, and that fifty Prohibition Republicans voted for him, as the Republican candidate, and proceeded to declare that "their presence in the State House indicates an almost entire change of public sentiment upon a question deemed of vital importance to the State. The action of our predecessors has been reversed upon appeal to the people." With more than one third of the Senate Prohibition, and with three fourths of the Republican party firmly attached to it, the pretense of "an almost entire change" in public sentiment is as untrue as untimely. He did well, however, to add, "We must not forget that we also and our proceedings shall within the year be brought before the tribunal of public opinion, and that our acts will be sustained only so far as they conform to an enlightened, intelligent, and severe popular judgment."

We trust they will not forget it, nor forget also that the "enlightened, intelligent and severe popular judgment" is to-day very largely on the side of Prohibition. Foreigners, Runners and depraved appetites, not "judgment" of any sort, gave Rum a momentary victory. Its organ in this city aptly requires that "the liquor traffic be regulated in the most judicious manner for all concerned in or affected by the business." That is, this whole question must be settled by the makers, venders and drinkers of spirits; the people, for whose interest the Legislature is supposed to be elected, the mothers of sons, the wives of husbands, the children of fathers ruined by "the business," the masses of total abstinent people, and the tax-payers, are of no account. Let the advice be heeded. Let these men construct their law, and Mr. Jewell will find his House and its proceedings, as he aptly suggests, before "an enlightened tribunal" that will most surely condemn them.

*The Independent* holds the name of Theodore Tilton to its mast-head. He has long been master of its quarter-deck. Mr. Tilton is one of the ablest editors in the land. He is the only real editor that journal has ever had, his predecessors having been more devoted to their parishes than their paper. Brilliant, radical, genial, he will make it even more than it has been, orthodox in doctrine, and humane in principle,—the vehicle of a true and triumphing Christianity.

## THE ONE ALTOGETHER LOVELY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Soul of all things beautiful,  
Bud and blossom in my soul;  
Radiance, when the road is dull,—  
Sweetness from the nearing goal:  
Gates of heaven, wide open swing!  
Earthward waft perpetual spring!

Source of everlasting strength,  
Spring up in my heart, O, well!  
While the journey's lovely length  
I traverse, with staff and shell,  
Let thy joy in me abound;  
Cheer, for sinking souls around.

Tree of Life, the only True,  
Wisdom's mighty top and root,  
Cool me with celestial dew;  
Bid me taste immortal fruit.  
Let me gather, let me give  
Food whereby the dying live.

Wisdom, strength and beauty Thou;  
More than we can ask or dream—  
With Thy glory us endow;  
At thine overflowing stream,  
Cleansed, refreshed, Thy children see,  
Waiting to be filled with Thee.

## THE "RELIGION OF TO-DAY."—NO. I.

BY REV. F. D. HUNTINGTON, D.D.

An attempt is making, in certain departments of modern literature, not for the first time, but with unprecedented audacity, to destroy the faith in Christianity, and break the power of the church, by diffusing an impression that Christianity has done its work, and that the church belongs not to the future but to the past.

In a recent issue of one of the most widely circulated literary periodicals of this country, *The Atlantic Monthly*, a paper is presented to the public having this purport. Apart from the habitual readers of the journal in question, the attention of some others may have been casually directed to it, partly by its title, and partly by its authorship. The subject it especially treats is "The Religious side of the Italian question." The writer, himself an Italian, has become distinguished among the political reformers and statesmen of our day by the ardor of his patriotism, by the enthusiasm of his advocacy of the liberties and rights of the people, and by his honorable connection with the romantic struggles for emancipation from a complicated system of oppression a thousand years old, of one of the most picturesque and fascinating nations of the earth.

The general position taken by this writer is profoundly true, viz. that there is no great and durable reform possible for the Italian nation, without a reform in religion. "Great ideas make great peoples." It is as true of every other country as of Italy. The ideas of civil government are inseparable from the ideas of religion,—not in the loose and misty notions of religion that the writer intends, but because government is a divine appointment, the magistrate holds his office by God's will, and all the institutions and order of society, the legislation of States, and the welfare of communities, are bound up in their loyalty to Christ the king, and are meant to be penetrated by the principles and spirit of his gospel. "Fear God" and "Honor the King," are precepts that stand side by side in the Bible. No revolution can prosper that does not start with reverence for the Lord of lords, and root itself in obedience to His righteousness. God takes care of the nation, and of the family, as well as of the individual, and enfolds them all in the brotherhood of His church. There is, therefore, no great future for any commonwealth without a public and private faith in Christ as the Divine Head, creating a religious administration in the leaders and governors of the people, and a religious obedience, on the people's part, to the authority of law.

The article in question, in common with the convictions of Protestants generally, finds a chief obstacle to the emancipation and prosperity of the Italian people in the ecclesiastical and political supremacy of the Pope, and the whole despotism of the Papal system. The fervor of the writer's temperament, and his indignant sense of wrong, give great warmth and perhaps even an extravagant energy to his expressions. The Papacy, he says, is only the form and semblance of religion, without the substance. "It is a corpse beyond all power of galvanization,—a source of perennial corruption and immorality among the nations, and most fatally such to Italy. All contact with it is death. It educates men in falsehood. Its bishops, cardinals and monks not only are not, but *cannot* be,—from the very nature of their superstition, and the mockeries involved in it,—otherwise than tyrants, persecutors, cowards and profilers. The mission of the Papacy, which in the hands of its great founders and moulder, like Gregory VII,

was a high and holy mission, has been long since terminated. Since the days of Innocent III, the last true Pope, it has ceased to infuse life into humanity; it has become the servant of Cesar, a mass of coarse iniquity, destitute of all sense of duty, power of sacrifice, or faith in its own destiny. Held up by foreign bayonets, trembling before the face of its own subjects, disinherited of all influence over civilized men, it lies a lifeless stumbling-block in the path of all movement, liberty, science and life,—rejected finally and forever by the heart, intellect and conscience of the race."

So far,—allowing for some rhetorical excess, perhaps,—the essayist will carry along with him the consent of his Christian readers here, in any branch of the Reformed Church. It is the more important to recognize all the truth he utters, because we must come now to a point of contradiction, and must convict him of errors so gross and grave, of conclusions so unwarranted from premises carelessly and rashly taken, and of statements so contrary to history, and yet so plausible to the conceit and unbelief which are specially seductive in these times, as to constitute a positive offense to the faith and the veneration of Christendom. In the name of Christ, whom every good soldier vows to defend against his enemies, in the interest of that gospel truth which we are commissioned to preach not only in its abstract propositions, but in its particular and direct conflict with the special devices that from time to time rise up against it, and for the sake of that precious faith once for all delivered to the saints, for which it is made our first duty earnestly to contend, we are called upon, as Christians, first to examine, and then to condemn, this open, undisguised and gratuitous assault, at our own doors, on the revelation and gospel of our Lord.

Asserting, as we have just seen, the death of the Papacy, the writer goes on to ascribe its failure to the falsehood of the ideas in which, as he undertakes to say, the Papacy had its origin, and with which its existence is identified. If we notice, however, what, according to his analysis, those ideas are asserted to be, we shall have an instructive illustration how men of intellectual ability, and even acuteness, in their own departments of thought, may blunder when they undertake a theological discussion; and especially how apt men are, when writing in the interest of unbelief, and venturing to assail the faith of the ages and the Revelation of God, to let weakness and confusion into their own work by leaving behind them the discrimination and care that they would be ashamed to omit, to anything like the same degree, in any other line of investigation. What, then, according to Joseph Mazzini, are the fundamental ideas of the Papal system? They are, 1. The doctrine of the Fall of Man, and his Redemption; 2. The necessity of a mediation between God and Man; 3. The belief in a direct, immediate and divine revelation, and hence, as he maintains, in a privileged class, naturally destined to centralize in one individual, the office of which was to preserve that revelation inviolate; 4. The inefficacy of man's own efforts to achieve his own redemption, and the consequent substitution of unlimited faith in the grace of the Mediator for human works; 5. The separation of the human race into the elect and the non-elect, with the salvation of the one and the damnation of the other; and, 6. The antagonism of this world and heaven,—which leads to the preaching, "Renounce the world and put thy faith in Christ, for that will lead thee to heaven." This sixfold enumeration is concluded with the following extraordinary declaration: "In fact, the religious system which succeeded Polytheism," (he means Christianity, but seeming not to dare to express his meaning, resorts to a clumsy circumlocution), "did not contemplate any conception of life embracing more than the individual; it only offered the individual a means of salvation in despite of the egotism, tyranny and corruption, by which he is surrounded on earth,—instead of aiming to overcome these by a life and power of its own."

Thus, instead of finding the characteristic features of Romanism in those false doctrines which really distinguish it from the *sound* branches and the *original* stock of the True Body and Church of Christ,—the features which it took on as an excrescence upon its primitive constitution after the third and fourth centuries, and which are peculiar to its corrupt and schismatic communion,—such, for instance, as Transubstantiation in the Sacrament, virgin-worship, the Pope's infallibility, auricular confession, hired indulgences in sin, worship in an unknown tongue, the absolutism of the Papal throne, sacerdotal miracles, salvation by the merit of ceremonial works, with ecclesiastical and political usurpation,—instead of all this, he fixes (with perhaps one or two exceptions) on the great articles of the common Christian faith,—a part of which Rome holds, indeed, but a part of which she explicitly denies, and all of which she covers and damages with a superincumbent mass of superstitions, and holds them up as the Romish theology! He confounds the decrees of the Council

of Trent with the inspired Scriptures, the imbecile proclamations of Pius IX. with the Epistles of St. Paul, and the childish traditions of the Vatican with the divine authority of the Gospel, and on this stupendous and shameful error of scholarship, he builds his engine of attack upon Christianity. Here is the syllogism. Romanism is spiritually dead; but Romanism is identical with the original Christianity; therefore the original Christianity is dead! First he conciliates the sympathy of his Protestant readers by denouncing the Papacy; but when he defines the Papacy, lo, he means the faith of the Protestant and Primitive Church of Christ!

## THE SADNESS OF HOLIDAYS.

BY REV. H. N. POWERS, D.D.

Of course we are sturdy believers in the utility of holidays. We are thankful that we appreciate the important truths they keep alive in the public mind, and their beneficial teachings to the public heart and conscience. We confess, too, that we should be sorry if we were never to sit down again at the groaning board of a Thanksgiving dinner; if we were obliged to forego all the perplexing but pleasing preparation for the due observance of Christmas and New Year's; and could never extend nor accept the generous hospitalities of these significant seasons. But as roses have their thorns, so holidays have their streaks of gloom, though they are none the less to be esteemed on this account. It is not in a complaining tone, therefore, but for the sake of giving a transcript of our natural human experience that this portraiture is given.

Holidays, which preserve the tradition of public events, and commemorate facts of general interest, become, through our modes of thought and feeling, descriptive of much that pertains to the individual life. They are altarpieces where friendship meets after long intervals to renew its vows; fountains where both youth and age come to quaff a cup of pleasure, one with eyes on the future, and the other on the past; banquets where cold formality relaxes in the smile of good fellowship, and asceticism smacks its lips in hearty relish of all earth's sweets. We do not purpose to grow enthusiastic over their proper observance, nor to paint their varied scenes. We are all conscious, however, of grouping around them much that is most interesting in our history, and of dating from them a large portion of our joys and sorrows. So they become invested with an atmosphere quite unfamiliar to ordinary days.

Holidays are the paradise of youth. So invariably is the pleasure of the children consulted on these occasions, that their presence and enjoyment are their most charming features. Without the children, holidays would be flavorless to multitudes. They are the salt to the broth, the spice to the pastry. Sympathy with their feelings and wishes gives the zest to your preparation to gratify them. As they come down Christmas mornings palpitating with curiosity and expectation concerning the gifts of Santa Claus, as they gambol through the house in their hilarious sports, as they rehearse their plans for future happiness, and weave their bright and untroubled fancies into golden webs, with which they invest all that is attractive to their young desire, you are somehow strangely touched. The portfolio of your purest and brightest days is spread open to your gaze. You glance instinctively over the scenery of your lost youth. What a lustre was in that morning air; what gorgeous splendor filled the sky.

"O radiant land where your young eyes  
Saw angels in the rainbow skies,  
And felt love's arms in all the air,  
And heard Hope singing everywhere,—  
Sweet land of boyhood! rose unblown!  
Delicious heart-enfolded zone!  
Too soon—how soon!  
The burning noon  
Drank up the dew from bud and leaf,  
And seared the bowers of young Belief."

It is all over now, the eager wonderment, the vague but glowing desire, the freshness of tuneful emotion, the sweet mystery that veiled unnumbered forms of imagined loveliness. You do not mean to be sentimental,—in fact you think you have outgrown such weakness, but the thought saddens you. True, you may not now prize what once seemed so attractive, and your real gains in life may be better and richer than anything of which you dreamed; but you have lost the vision with which you once saw, and a susceptibility that you once possessed. Try to conceal the fact as much as you can, be as stern with yourself as you please, still you know that something inexpressibly tender has gone from you, some delicate aroma, some flower-like and star-like beauty shed from celestial desires. As you cannot, in the sultry July gather up the tender May blossoms, no more can you recover this exquisite efflorescence of the young and aspiring soul, which wore the tints that no artist can reproduce, and shed a fragrance that you find nowhere else in life. And as the children,

in graceful freedom pursue their plays, and this fair youth and gentle maiden, hold by a sympathy which they have not analyzed, stand in the purple glory of their dream, whose rapture touches cheek and eye, you say to yourself with a sad yearning of spirit, "O for the romance of youth; O for the generous faith, and the untroubled freshness of life, from whose buds the dews were not exhaled."

But you recover yourself to do appropriately the honors of the entertainment. The social talk deepens. Familiar names and interesting events are mentioned. A strain of music now and then sprinkles your heart with its memory-refreshing shower. Some attractive book, or gem of art, or precious keepsake is glanced over, and with all this the past is brought closer to you. You read bits of heart-history that you had half forgotten. You see where your cup of bliss was filled and dashed away. O, how many of those whose love was the light of home, or who walked with you the bright landscapes of your fairest days, are absent now. Some have become indifferent, or estranged. Some, with rare gifts, yielded to the tempter, and vanished in the darkness. Some lie in humble graves, and some in stately sepulchres. The smiling faces, and the gleesome voices about you do not supply the vacancies that time has made. A parents' patient kindness, the lover's kiss, the babe's sweet winsomeness, the husband's love, the wife's devotion—all that was once so endearing—tells a pathetic history. It is impossible to gather to your board all you would, yet your duty hardly seems done while you cannot serve some who were with you a little while ago. The holidays do not seem complete without them. Almost involuntarily you watch at the window, and listen in the hall for their coming. And in moments of reverie you make little pictures of all that was delightful in their companionship. You imagine what life would have been to you if that guardian hand had continued to shield you, if that fair child had grown to womanhood, if that noble youth had reached the measure of his early promise, and if the grace and sweetness of that opulent soul had continued to flow into your own. And, so musing, a cloud comes stealing over you. How much has gone that was blended with your ideal of life! But the years will grant you no resurrection. You know well enough that no faithful assiduity can keep the chain of affection unbroken.

And so your thought naturally runs on to the untraveled way before. But some ill-vised spectres haunt it. You cannot hinder the questions, "How will it be with me in the coming days? what joy will next vanish? When the eyes of the child shall be conversant with the world, will their vision be pure in his purity of heart? Who would prove faithful to me in misfortune, and what will age bring me as I descend into the vale?" No alacrity of hospitality can exclude the shadow that falls across your way. Indeed the more delightful the occasion which you celebrate, the more vivid will be the contrasts between the pleasures that have been, and the sorrows that may be. Contact with the world and the experience of its evils have not tended to foster too cheerful anticipations. And as you sit alone after the guests have departed, thinking over the vicissitudes and mysteries of life, you dare not hope too much. The illusory character of earthly things comes with a sad and expressive emphasis, and withal questions most pertinent and searching which you cannot put by. In the light of their scrutiny you have a humiliating sense of your unworthy aims, your poor performance, your short-sighted wisdom. For what is there, in all that you have sought with the most solicitude, that can enrich you for immortality? Face to face with reality, you cannot conceal from yourself the fact that you are swiftly hastening to your end. On some day just like the others that you have enjoyed you will be borne hence to your grave, and all will go on as before.

The significance of festivals is in the valuable truths which they commemorate. To how many of our best citizens has our national holiday been the saddest of days. Amid its demonstrations of patriotic joy, its paens and eulogiums of liberty, its clangor of bells, its processions, and illuminations, they saw in more glaring light, the hideous wrong that consigned to its foul Gehenna of vice, and ignorance, and barbarism, a great multitude, over whom floated the proud ensign of American freedom. Thank God! henceforth there will be consistency in commemorating our Independence Day; but yet to the heart that embraces the world, it shall not wholly lose its depressing suggestions, till all the nations of the earth are free.

Christmas includes in its meaning "all for which we raise the voice of thanks and praise." Its message is, "Peace on earth, good will to men." We have already only the earnest of its blessings. For of the millions of the race, how few comparatively share in its illumination. Even of the nations that lift the cross as their proudest symbol, what multitudes delve and groan in the shadow of despotic thrones. What a great con-

concourse throughout the earth grovel in the savagery of untutored minds and unspiritualized hearts. As the Christmas bells ring out their cheerful salutations, and happy families renew their gratitude and praise by cheerful firesides, and as you stand amid those who are most dear to you, your vision extends beyond all these tokens of comfort, and friendship, and religion. You see rude hovels, and mouldy basements where gaunt men and hollow-eyed women bend in hopeless toil. You hear in stately mansions the wall of outraged love. You behold on a thousand couches misery that knows no Christ, and is ministered to by no Christian sympathy. You see the infernal arts of the lustful and the cruel, the want, and guilt, and wretchedness, and ignorance, that yet prevail in Christian lands. The woes of the human race oppress you. Solemnized by a sense of life's great responsibilities, and yet rejoicing in the infinite redemption, you long for the reign of Christ on earth, and devoutly pray, "Thy kingdom come."

#### THE GOLDEN YEAR.

Well, you shall have that song which Leonard wrote: It was last summer on a tour in Wales: Old James was with me: we that day had been Up Snowdon; and I wished for Leonard there, And found him in Llanberis: then we crost Between the lakes, and clambered half way up The counter side; and that same song of his He told me; for I bantered him, and swore They said he lived shut up within himself, A tongue-tied Poet in the feverous days, That setting the *how much* before the *how*, Cry, like the daughters of the horse-leech, "give, Cram us with all," but count not me the herd! To which, "They call me what they will," he said: "But I was born too late: the fair new forms, That float about the threshold of an age, Like truths of Science waiting to be caught— Catch me who can, and make the catcher crowned— Are taken by the forelock. Let it be. But if you care indeed to listen, Hear these measured words, my work of yesternight.

"We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things move; The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun; The dark Earth follows wheeled in her ellipse: And human things returning on themselves Move onward, leading up the golden year.

"Ah, though the times when some new thought can bud Are but as poets' seasons when they flower, Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore Have ebb and flow conditioning their march And slow and sure comes up the golden year.

"When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps, But smit with freer light shall slowly melt In many streams to fatten lower lands, And light shall spread, and man be like man Through all the season of the golden year.

"Shall eagles not be eagles? wrens be wrens? If all the world were falcons, what of that? The wonder of the eagle were the less, But he not less the eagle. Happy days Roll onward, leading up the golden year.

"Fly, happy, happy sails, and bear the Press; Fly happy with the mission of the Cross; Knit land to land, and blowing havwarden, With silks and fruits, and spices, clear of toll, Enrich the markets of the golden year.

"But we grow old. Ah! when shall men's good Be each man's rule, and universal Peace Lie like a shaft of light across the land, And like a lane of beams athwart the sea, Through all the circle of the golden year?"

"Thus far he flowed and ended; whereupon "Ah, folly!" in mimic cadence answered James— "Ah, folly!" for it lies so far away, Not in our time, nor in our children's time, 'Tis like the second world to us that live, 'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on heaven As on this vision of the golden year."

"With that he struck his staff against the rocks And broke it,—James,—you know him,—old, but full Of force and choler, and firm upon his feet, And like an oaken stock in winter woods, O'erflourished with the hoary clematis: Then added, all in heat:

"What stuff is this? Old writers pushed the happy season back,— The more fools they!—we forward: dreamers both; You most, that in an age, when every hour Must sweat her sixty minutes to the death, Live on, God loves us, as if the seedsman, rapt Upon the teeming harvest, should not dip His hand into the bag: but well I know That unto him who works, and feels he works, This same grand year is ever at the doors."

He spoke; and, high above, I heard them blast The steep slate quarry, and the great echo flap And buffet round the hills from blust to blust.

Alfred Tennyson.

#### LEANING ON JESUS.

A piece of ivy lay on the ground. It looked very helpless as the wind blew it hither and thither, for it seemed to have no strength in itself to withstand the gusts that sported with it, bending and twisting its slender stem. One more blast swept along the path in which it lay, and this time carried it shivering to the foot of a tree, leaving it there beneath the shelter of its huge trunk.

The weak ivy, as if it found a firm friend at last, began to climb the tree. Then it grew and flourished, threw itself around the trunk, and wound itself about the branches. Nothing could harm it now, no blast could tear it from its strong hold.

A boy had just left his couch of suffering on which he had passed many weary day and nights. He attempted to walk, but his knees trembled, his strength failed, and he fell; but ere he reached the ground, a strong arm encircled him, and he was raised to his feet; and now, supported by his father, he could walk without weariness for his weakness was lost in the strength that upheld him.

A little girl lay near death. She had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before her step had been as light, and her heart as joyous and gay as any of her companions; but now her body was racked with pain, the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her papa, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling, "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

"Are you afraid, dear child?" asked her minister at another time.

"No, I cannot fear while Jesus supports me," she replied quickly. "But are you not weary with bearing pain?" She said, "I am leaning on Jesus, and don't mind the pain."

And so this one of Christ's lambs went to the fold above, leaning on the good Shepherd who "gathers the lambs in his arms."

We too must all die. Shall we be found leaning on Jesus, so that we shall not mind pain or fear death?

#### SAYINGS OF JOHN NEWTON.

"If an angel were sent to find the most perfect man, he would probably not find him composing a body of divinity; but perhaps a cripple in a poor-house, whom the parish wish dead; but humbled before God, with far lower thoughts of himself than others think of him."

"If two angels came down from heaven to execute a divine command, and one was appointed to conduct an empire, and the other to sweep a street in it, they would find no inclination to change employments."

"In divinity, as well as in other professions, there are the *little* artists. A man may be able to execute the buttons of a statue very neatly; but I could not call him an able artist. There is an air, there is a taste, to which his narrow capacity cannot reach. Now in the church, there are your dexterous button-makers."

"I would not give a straw for that assurance which sin will not damp. If David had come from his adultery, and had talked of his assurance at that time, I should have despised his speech."

"There is the analogy of faith; it is a master-key, which not only opens particular doors, but carries you through the whole house; but an attachment to a rigid system is dangerous. Luther once turned out the epistle of St. James, because it disturbed his system. Dr. Owen will be ashamed of his wisdom and clearness five minutes after he has been in heaven. I shall preach, perhaps, very usefully upon two opposite texts, while kept apart, but if I attempt nicely to reconcile them, it is ten to one if I don't begin to bungle."

"When a man said he received a blessing under a sermon, I begin to inquire who this man is who speaks of the help he has received. The Roman people prove the effect they received under a sermon of Antony, when they flew to avenge the death of Caesar."

As his faculties visibly and rapidly declined in his last years, a friend urged him to desist from speaking in public before he was absolutely compelled. He replied, with unusual energy, "I cannot stop. What! shall the old African blasphemer stop while he can speak?"

#### LONDON AT NIGHT.

A writer in Tinsley's Magazine for September gives the following description of the view of London he obtained by a balloon ascent at night:—

London, in its mass and magnitude, in the whole of its metropolitan grandeur, is to be seen only from the air. I have floated slowly over it as the evening closed in, and watched, for instance, the lighting of the lamps. 'Nothing romantic in that?' No; nothing particularly striking if you only survey your individual lamplighter from your window. But it is a different thing when the subtle flame hurries along, visible in its glittering coils for miles of streets, and clasping the whole city in its folds like a serpent of fire. In the parks and on the bridges, on square and streets, out in the building wildernesses that circle London, you see the lights awaking. Lazily, I remember, we floated that night over the city, with scarcely a breath of air to move the balloon; and then, tiring of the dead calm, we tried for a breeze by going up through the clouds. It was long, even then, before we moved very briskly; but when we dropped a little to reconnoitre, behold, London! We were obviously a few miles away from it; but there it was; and as, earlier, we had seen the swift gas running as it seemed from street to street, so now, all united in one mighty glare, the whole light of the wonderful city burst upon eyes that had been peering a moment before through the gray folds of its cloud canopy.

**ASSURANCE.**—Now if God maintained such intimacies with those whom He loved under the law (which was a dispensation of greater distance), we may be sure that under the Gospel, the very nature of which imports conciliation and compliance, there must needs be the same with much greater advantage. And therefore, when God had manifested himself in the flesh, how sacredly did He preserve this privilege! how freely did Christ unbosom himself to his disciples! "Unto you," says He, "it is given to know the mysteries of the kingdom of God; but unto others in parables; that seeing they might not see." Such shall be permitted to cast an eye into the ark, and to look into the very holy of holies. Assurance is a rafty covered from the inspection of the world—a secret that no one can know but God and the person that is blessed with it; it is written in a private character, not to be read nor understood but by the conscience, to which the Spirit of God has vouchsafed to decipher it. Every believer lives upon an inward provision of comfort that the world is a stranger to.—South.

## THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Some of you are at the forks of the road to-day. The place where you stand is the place whence two roads pass off divergent, and they never meet again. In the journey of life we often come to these divergent paths; indeed, almost every day presents occasions for turning to the left, and doing some wrong thing, or turning to the right by performing some act that shall help a soul to a better life, and reacting on ourselves, strengthen us in good.

But though, in this sense, every day of life contains its little crisis, I want to tell you that you stand to-day, some of you, at the *big forks* where the whole of your future history for weal or woe, for heaven or hell, is wrapped up in the doings of an hour. What shall the first step be? Let it be a step in obedience to the truth.

But some of you ask what is truth? I will not try to answer the question; but will simply say there is a guide that will keep you from disaster in your search for the right way. Here it is. Where one theory is safe, and the other doubtful, always keep to the safe side.

Yonder stands a man at the forks of the road. One road before him is the road of skepticism, and the other is the road of faith. Hark now for a moment. When one road is safe, and the other doubtful, *take the safe road*. Suppose you adopt faith in the Bible as your road; and then suppose, what I know can never happen, that the Bible should turn out to be false, and there is no God, no heaven, no hell, no immortality for man. What then? Why, you will have lost nothing, you will only fall into nonentity with the rest, and your theory will have done you no harm.

But suppose you adopt the infidel theory, and that should prove false, and so you suddenly awake by and by to find there is a God, and his anger burns ever against the wicked; there is a heaven which you can never reach, and a hell from which you can never escape. *Take the safe road*.

Here is another man at the forks of the road. Over one way before him is written the words of the great tempter, "Thou shalt not surely die," while over the other is written the words of Jesus, "He that believeth not shall be damned." Which theory will you adopt? Don't adopt either till you apply the rule, and say to yourself I must keep to the safe path. How stands the case then? Suppose you adopt the theory that we must believe or be damned, and live a life of faith accordingly. What then would be the damage should the theory prove untrue? If all are going to be saved, of course you will be saved among the rest.

But suppose you adopt the theory that heaven is assured to us, live as we may, and act accordingly with no care to save your soul; what if that theory should prove false, and you learn, too late, that all is lost forever? *Take the safe road*.

There is another man at the forks of the road. Over the left hand path is written, "Once in grace, always in grace;" and over the right, "But he that endureth to the end, the same shall be saved." Now my friend apply your rule before you start one step on either path. Where one road is safe, the other doubtful, *keep the safe road*. Very well now. Suppose you adopt the theory that it is possible for a Christian to turn back and be lost; and so you live, all your days, a very sober, watchful and prayerful life lest you should be a castaway. At last it turns out that all that solicitation was needless, and that your eternal salvation was secured to you from the hour of your conversion? What have you lost by your mistake. Nothing; absolutely nothing; nay, your life has been all the better for its sleepless vigilance and care. But suppose you take the other road, and adopt the theory,

"Yes I to the end shall endure,  
As sure as the earnest is given;  
More happy, but not more secure  
The glorified spirits in heaven;"

how natural may it be that your theory shall lead you to sleep at your post at times. And O, should you presume, as thousands are presuming this day on an "old hope," what terrible, what everlasting disaster might overtake you, should you one day be startled from your presumptuous dream to find your theory false, your vessel without oil, the Bridegroom come, the door shut, and your soul condemned to outer darkness forever. O, my brother, *keep the safe road*.

But here is another man, and the question with him is, "repentance to-day" or "procrastination." He, too, is at the forks of the road. *Take the safe road*, my friend. I know Satan is at your ear, whispering of long life and multiplied opportunities after this, and better than this; but I pray you stop your ears against him, and hasten along the path of "repentance to-day." The suggestion starts in your soul while I speak, "Life is short." Suppose you heed it, and at once engage to serve God and save your soul. Suppose then that life

should prove long, and that it should turn out that you who are but twenty years old to-day should live to eighty. What then will you have lost? Lost! The angels of God cannot compute your gains. Sixty years a soldier in the army of the Redeemer. What a heroic life! What marches to conquest! What successful movements on the enemy's work! What victories over earth and hell shall be in your history; and how shall your spirit, laureled and crowned, hold sway among the brighter stars of heaven's constellations forever. Enter your name on the list to-day, and to-day enter into the great life-work to which you are called.

But now suppose you turn away from all this proffered glory in both worlds. You talk procrastination. You say "not now," or you speak of a more convenient season, while at your ear Satan stands whispering, "Tomorrow shall be as this day, and more abundant." Alas, sir, your day dream is of wealth and pleasure, and a long life of gaiety and sin. You are not on the safe road. You dance; but it is on the edge of a precipice. You look along the years, at the treasures you are one day to grasp; but there's an open grave between you and your treasure. Forsake this vanity I beg, and forsake it now. May the Holy Spirit help you in this awful hour; for heaven and hell are in the scales today, and ere another sun shall set some reader of these lines shall have made the choice and entered on the path that leads to bliss, or diverges fatally therefrom.

B. W. G.

## OUR DOMESTIC MISSIONS: DIFFICULTIES AND REMEDIES.

BY REV. DR. COGGESHALL.

## DOMESTIC MISSIONS.

On Saturday, at the late session of the Providence Conference, there was a very lively debate on Appropriations to Domestic Missions within its bounds. It was well sustained on both sides; and was altogether the most spicy thing of the kind that occurred during the session. It was alleged that money collected on the credit of the Missionary Society, for the poor and the destitute, and for the extension of Christ's kingdom, were misappropriated, by being devoted to societies, which, although numerically weak, were financially strong, and who were well able to support themselves; and to societies which were so utterly destitute of religious enterprise and Christian zeal, that there was no growth and expansion at all; and that, after being beneficiaries of the Society for years, there was nothing to show for it; that the money was as though thrown into the sea. These were strong statements; and could not well be gainsayed, though there is another side to the question, and which was also presented.

This was, that these small societies, though numerically weak, were relatively important; that being located in the midst of stationary or declining populations, and from which people were constantly flowing out into the centres of population and business, they were the feeders of the large and more growing churches, some of whose best and most valuable members came from these little societies; and hence, that they were important and necessary, as parts of our general system, and therefore should be encouraged and sustained; that their extinction would be a great loss to the connection at large—a loss which we could not afford to sustain.

It was also further argued, that while it was thought expedient to sustain these little charges, that faithful, devoted and laborious men must be sent to them, and whose privations, not to say sufferings, must be serious, at the best; but who, if their little salaries were not augmented by appropriations from the missionary treasury, the vast disproportion between their pay and that of the more favored of their brethren, working no harder than they, would make their situation almost unendurable, especially in these dear times, in which, while the cost of living has more than doubled, the average increase of ministers' salaries has been but 20 per cent.

The discussion, at the time, finally resulted in the adoption of the following resolution, which was presented and urged by Bro. Willett:

*Resolved*, That the Committee on Missions be, and hereby is, instructed, not to report appropriations to charges where there is not a reasonable prospect of growth, except where such charge is too far from another needy church to be united with it.

It was observed that the Presiding Elders, who are supposed to have the most thorough knowledge of the state of our work, and of its necessities, were exceedingly opposed to this resolution, and that they had no sympathy whatever with the views of those brethren who advocated it. They too well knew the imperious needs of some of the feeble societies, and the labors and sufferings of the men appointed to them, to do so. Hence, when they subsequently brought in their Report of Appropriations, it was found that they had paid no attention whatever to this resolution. And when Bro. Willett, rather astonished at this disregard of Conference instructions, called them to account for this apparent dereliction of duty, Bro. Kenney, the Chairman, simply stated "that they had done the best they could;" and which no doubt was the fact.

But still there are some things connected with this matter, which occasion a great deal of uneasiness and dissatisfaction, and which need ventilating. Our Domestic Missions must be supported. Indeed, they are the most important and useful of our missions, and yield the most certain, immediate and abundant fruits; and hence, in my estimation, in the present state of our work, as has ever been the case in every stage of our history, they vastly take the precedence of our Foreign Missions. As ably and most satisfactorily shown by Dr. Lore, in the *Quarterly*, several years since, the United States is the grandest field for missions in the world. No field is so fruitful, and yields such large and immediate returns for all labor and money bestowed upon it as this. No longer ago than

1834, Worcester, in the heart of the old Commonwealth, now, with her four growing and flourishing churches, and returning a thousand fold into the treasury, all once bestowed upon her was "a mission." As late as 1838, Chicago, now with her numerous, wealthy and aggressive churches, with their princely benefactions to the cause of Christ, was a feeble "mission." Now she returns more than a thousand fold; and more to come. And so of others.

But still there are some facts which should be known, and evils which should be corrected in this matter, especially as now there is a deficiency in the missionary collections of the past year, which has compelled the Missionary Committee both to cut down their appropriations, and to incur a large debt, which is to be paid.

I know members of the church who adorn themselves "in gold and pearls and costly array," in which they attend the ministrations of pastors whose small and inadequate salaries are ecked out by appropriations from the Missionary treasury—money earned by hard labor and self-denial, and given by the pious "to supply the destitute with the gospel." I know members of the church, who live in fine houses, adorned with elegant furniture whose tables groan under their loads of silver, of porcelain, of Sheffield cutlery, of fine linen from the looms of Ireland and Germany, which are loaded with the luxuries of all climes and of all seasons, and who, like a certain man in scripture, "fare sumptuously every day," but who, with their children, are supplied with the bread of heaven and access to the Lord's table by the liberality of the friends of missions. I know of persons who have money at interest, from which come ample dividends; who build ships, and send them to sea; who cultivate broad and fertile acres, with "flocks and herds," whose abundant crops are gathered into barns, much like that thrifty, though not over-pious farmer, mentioned in Luke xii., but a portion of whose religious bills are paid by good people elsewhere, and many of whom I know are not so well off as themselves. Yea, I think societies can be found in which there are members worth \$100,000, or more, and with an acknowledged income of \$6,000 or \$7,000 a year, and who could, and ought to pay the entire deficiencies of the charges themselves, but which societies being numerically weak, and the other members poor, they accept of the benefactions of other Christians, some of whom are themselves poor, and which come through the treasury of the Missionary Society, to help pay the small salary of a self-denying and laborious pastor. There appears to be something more than wicked about such cases; they appear mean. Some churches are supported by a tax laid upon the property of members, according to value, like a town tax, and founded upon the same assessors' list. It is said that there is a church in Worcester supported in this way, in which there is one gentleman whose parish tax amounts to \$1800, and which he promptly pays. If some of our Domestic Missions were supported in a simple way, appropriations would be no longer needed. And thus money raised for missions might be expended for those who are really destitute—as the frontier settlers of the West, the freedmen and the heathen abroad.

But what is the remedy? What shall be done in the case? The remedy is mostly with the Presiding Elder and the preacher in charge. Let the Presiding Elder, at the last Quarterly Conference of a small and feeble charge, which requests the services of a preacher whose salary they feel unable to pay, and for which they wish the assistance of a missionary appropriation, let him most distinctly inform them, that if they wish others to help them, they must help themselves. Let them show him, either a tax or an assessment list laid upon all the members who are able to pay anything; or a subscription paper containing all their names, with the sums annexed which they will pay monthly or quarterly, and upon which dependence can be placed; and then he will know what more is needed. And at the first Quarterly Meeting, let him inform the society to what extent they are the beneficiaries of the church; and the evil will be cured, and complaints cease.

## FREE SCHOOLS IN MARYLAND.

[We have had to publish so many appeals for help from the South, and shall yet have to, that it is pleasant to vary their topics with this story of independent developing of their own resources. Miss Osborne writes from Cedar Creek, Md.]

Mr. Janney, the general Superintendent of the educational interests of the colored people of Maryland, was for some time an unpaid agent of the Freedmen's Bureau, and spent much of his time from home traveling rough country roads, through cold and storms, heat and mud, amid opposition and contempt, undeterred by any obstacles in his self-imposed labor of love. He wishes to supply with teachers the seventy-five school-houses which the colored people, with Bureau assistance, have built in different places through the State, and which are yet unoccupied for want of means. He proposes now that every school in addition to paying the teacher's board and incidental expenses, shall also pay \$12 per month to the Association in Baltimore, to help support another school. The schools through the State are falling into the new arrangement. Last Sabbath evening, after a sermon, some two hours were spent in laying the matter before the people, and making arrangements for raising the money. Rev. Charles Keene, after stating the proposition of Mr. Janney to the congregation, asked all in favor of raising the \$12 a month and sustaining the school to rise. Most of the congregation stood up. Peering curiously round, he said, "You look well, I believe all the good looking ones have got up; now sit down, for we have not got done with you yet." The names of those who would promise to pay a certain sum every month were then called for, and in a short time the \$12 was made up in pledges to pay fifty and twenty-five cents a monthly, many paying the first instalment on the spot. Last year between sixty and seventy thousand dollars were expended for educational purposes among the colored people of this State, over seven thousand dollars of which the colored people raised among themselves.

If the people in this place finish their school house, now ready to plaster, and meet the current expenses for this school year, they must raise at least \$500; if we add to this their church expenses, about \$125, it will answer the question, What are the colored people doing for themselves? pretty emphati-

cially for one small country town. Those who took the lead in soliciting subscriptions for the school were good beggars. "Come now, you used to pay your masters a hundred and fifty dollars a year for being a slave, and now we want to tax you only four or five dollars a year for your freedom. Come, any of us can pay that." This touches a freedman's generosity, and "put me down fifty cents a month, would be an almost invariable response. When I first heard Mr. Janney's proposal I thought where is the money to come from, for it seemed a heavy tax to lay upon the people only three years old in freedom, many of whom occupy homes with but one room, some windowless, and many without chairs, or much furniture of any kind in their humble houses; but they are coming nobly up to the demands, and every expense will be met unless our plastering for the school-house should lie over till spring; if so, I shall pray that "the wind may be tempered to the shorn lamb," for such a winter as the last in an unplastered house will be anything but comfortable.

#### FROM CALIFORNIA.

[Many of our readers will be glad to hear from Rev. J. H. Owen, who left this Conference but two years ago for California, seemingly far gone in consumption. Every weak-lunged reader ought to read this letter, and go and do likewise.]

*Centreville, Cal., Oct. 21, 1867.*

The "great wheel" of the itinerancy in its last annual whirl on the coast, dropped me in the centre of one of the loveliest valleys in California, and I must have THE HERALD with its rich flavors of New England life, vital and pure, to give tone to the luxurious quiet and ease of this wonderful climate. From my study window I look out upon the far-famed San Jose valley. Encircled by ranges of mountains deep and massive; level as a floor, rich with orchards and vineyards; shaded with the deep green of live oak groves and sycamore trees; growing the finest of wheat, it shadows forth the dream of Whittier more truly than any spot I have seen,

"Fair as the garden of the Lord."

To sit under the vine and fig-tree here is the easiest thing imaginable. This morning I stood under a noble fig-tree, eating in quiet content the fruit thereof, and, looking at the broad, heavy leaves, thought of the fig-tree which bore leaves only, disappointing the Master, but becoming the illustration of a noble lesson.

But the vineyards here are something wonderful, or their fruit is. Such noble clusters, that at first sight the wisdom of the spies who searched out the promised land is apparent, for here many of the clusters are too heavy and long to be otherwise carried, especially on a raid. We have foreign varieties, rich and rare; they all take kindly to the soil, but the native, or Californian mission grape, introduced many years ago by the Mission Fathers, holds first rank, as yet, as a table grape; tender, juicy, refreshing, it is astonishing what huge quantities can be safely eaten.

But the climate is the chief glory of California. I would we had Ruskin here to describe in true and fitting terms the filmy, dreamy, smoky haze floating in the atmosphere, the purple tints crowning the long, picturesque mountain ranges with an ethereal beauty too subtle to be embodied in words. Take the softness and glory of June, and the rare crisp tone of a New England October, blend them together in the halo of your boasted Indian Summer, and you have some idea of the climate of this glorious valley all through the year, with rare exceptions.

Here the Mission Fathers settled, planed vineyards and orchards, had their numerous flocks, baptized their swarthy converts, and lived in quiet content and rich abundance. From my window I can look upon one of the old Mission Churches built of adobe, dark and architecturally forbidding, but enclosed with fine vineyards that make the old place perennially green and beautiful. Sabbath morning the music of its bells fills the valley, calling the faithful to mass and confession. Then the faithful ones refreshed and sanctified by holy water and priestly absolution, enjoy with keenest zest their Faro and horse-racing. But the presence and sway of free institutions, free churches, free schools, have written upon their old crumblng walls the doom of Babylon of old.

Still Romanism in general is making desperate efforts to have the past forgotten, and by flank movements and tireless energy and lavish expenditure to lead in the advance of the great movements of the day on this coast.

My favorite mode of itinerating is in the saddle, and many hundred miles have I rode in the last twelve months, meeting my appointments and visiting my flock on a circuit not less than thirty miles long, and rich have been the physical benefits. These mountain trails open upon lovely valleys fair as a dream of Eden, and along the brows of precipices and slopes where one unsteady step, and horse and rider would be quiet in death; in canyons, cool with the flow of living springs, and shaded with the dense foliage of giant redwoods, mighty with the growth of centuries, and then over the crest of some great range with an outlook so wide and commanding that tongue and pen falter in expression.

Two weeks ago it was necessary for me to cross the Coast Range on horseback. I was up early, and striking the trail I gained after some desperate climbing and brushing through dense chapparel, a high ridge which I followed some miles, and then again through quiet valleys, rough canyons, and reaches of heavy timber. The calm of an everlasting Sabbath brooded amid the fastnesses of the great Range, and in the pure atmosphere the blue depths of heaven seemed infinite, and a solmen awe fell upon me; and although no flaming bush revealed the presence of Jehovah Jirah, the still small voice was not unheard. Meeting two men with rifles on a hunt after grizzlies, following a fresh trail I kept a bright lookout, ready to give the loose rein on first sight, not exactly afraid, for if you can keep your seat in the saddle you are safe, as no horse will allow a grizzly bear within easy distance. Riding along I saw a sight that made my blood run quick, and my fingers ache for a good rifle; a herd of deer quietly feeding in a valley. But the aches in my fingers did no good, so I pushed on, and gaining the last ridge looked down upon a scene of surpassing loveliness, the San Jose valley glowing in light and beauty and richness.

It was early in the afternoon, and my ride of forty miles; twenty over the mountains and twenty through the valley was accomplished with less fatigue than I have often experienced when, stationed at Somerville, I would occasionally walk to your dusty and shaded sanctum. The fine tone of this atmosphere, and the out-door life permitted by the genial climate have had a kindly effect, and indefinitely lengthened the lease of life and labor.

#### WORDS FROM WASHINGTON.

*Washington, D. C., Jan 4, 1868.*

Congress reassembles on Monday. It will doubtless be ready to grapple at once with many of the issues that now press upon the country.

#### THE REMOVAL OF MR. STANTON.

Among the first questions which will be decided is the removal of Mr. Stanton. Senator Howard, of Michigan, to whom was intrusted the preparation of a report on the matter, has it ready. It includes some further executive documents, and a reply of Mr. Stanton to the allegations made by the President against him. It is declared that this reply not only meets these charges, but goes much further, and in making the necessary vindication, exposes very much of the secret history of Mr. Johnson's administration. There is very little doubt that Senator Howard's report will be strongly affirmative of the constitutionality of the Tenure of Office Act, and against the validity of the President's reasons for the suspension of Mr. Stanton. The document will, it is said, be read only in Executive session. There ought to be a general demand from the people for the publication of these important papers. It is due to Mr. Stanton. There will probably be a unanimous vote of the Republican Senators in favor of Mr. Stanton's restoration. The President's friends claim that in any event a majority of the Supreme Court will declare the Tenure of Office Act unconstitutional. This proceeding promises to be very interesting.

#### NEW ALABAMA.

The Alabama campaign prior to the ratification of their new Constitution is being watched here with the greatest anxiety. General Spencer, who commanded the only white Union regiment raised in the State, is now here. He is very hopeful, and believes that with such pecuniary assistance as the North can give, the new constitution and the Radical State candidates are sure of ratification and election by a majority of from 25,000 to 40,000. But the Republicans need money, not so large a sum, but they need it now. There are only two lines of railroad of any length in this State, and canvassers have therefore to travel by private conveyances, or stage. The vote takes place a month from this date. In some counties of this State there is but a single post office, and citizens of Montgomery affirm that it takes three weeks to send a letter and receive a reply from their city to many parts of the State. The cost of such a canvass can easily be seen, and when the poverty of the people there is considered, the necessity of aiding them is apparent. One thing is in favor of Alabama loyalty. The crops were better there than in most of the Southern States. That we shall carry Alabama is generally believed.

#### THE VICE PRESIDENCY.

A great many persons have been talking here and in Pennsylvania about the nomination of General Geary as Vice President. The Governor says that he would not consent to be placed in nomination unless his own State sustained him unanimously. It is claimed here by shrewd politicians that Gov. Fenton, of New York, has the best chance of receiving the second nomination on the Republican ticket.

#### HON. AND REV. MR. PIKE.

Rev. Dr. Pike, a leading member of the N. H. Conference, preached at the Union M. E. Church in this city to very great acceptance on Sunday last. He is spending a few days here with his family who are sojourning for the winter in the District. He was warmly welcomed by many friends to whom he is well known and appreciated for his sterling integrity and Christian virtues. At the close of the morning service he was cordially greeted by a number, among whom we were pleased to notice

#### HON. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Speaker Colfax is a most estimable gentleman, and sustains an unsullied reputation for moral worth and excellence. Highly esteemed for purity of life and integrity of character, his influence is beneficial and salutary. The cause of liberty, justice and equality finds in him an able and consistent advocate, while religion and good morals claim him as a friend and exponent. He worships with the Methodists in Indiana. It is well that a public man so pure and exemplary occupies so high an official position. He is deservedly popular and worthy of the people's choicest gift. Let me add that Hon. Thomas L. Tullock, of New Hampshire, the efficient Secretary of the Union Republican Congressional Committee was also present, and felt quite at home with his former pastor and personal friend.

#### KOSMOS.

#### GOOD WORDS FOR THE HERALD.

As this is our harvest hour, we shall let our friends cheer one another across the field. They are busy reaping, and signs are good of an abundant crop. Yet some slightly laggard may be stimulated by the energy of others. Rev. D. C. Knowles, of Lawrence, has issued a circular to his congregation on the subject, to which he says:

I take this means of calling your attention to our church publications. The subject is one of prime importance. It merits the most serious consideration of every friend of religion and morals. Character and morals are the outgrowth of thought. Our thoughts are largely suggested by our reading. The mind gains its nutriment through books and papers. In all probability in our country as many minds are moulded directly by newspapers as by the Bible. How important, therefore, that our newspapers should draw their inspiration from the word of God. How careful ought a parent to be of the literature of the family. A large part of the circulating literature of the day is as poisonous to the mind and heart of your children as arsenic is to their bodies. If it is your duty to give the perishing body good food, is it not more important to give their minds sound sentiment? These publications will interest you in the great work of Christianizing the community.

But he is not content with preaching. He says, "I am calling on every family in my church with grand success. I hope to double the list of heralds."

A brother in Michigan writes as follows: We hope all will heed his words and example. No better New Year's gift than a good paper.

"Go thou and do likewise." About two years since a friend of mine in New England subscribed for and sent me THE HERALD for one year, since which time I have been a constant reader of its pages, and hope to be so as long as I live. I have just made a friend a New Year's present of a year's subscription, and if many of your readers will take the hint, and "do as they would be done by" in bestowing holiday gifts, they may cause some to rise up and call them blessed in the future, besides helping the cause in swelling the circulation of the best church paper in the land.

I promise myself that in its new form it will be vastly better than ever before, and become a household volume, that when bound any one can be proud to have it in his library. May you be greatly prospered in your efforts to make THE HERALD a messenger of glad tidings and great joy unto many.

Rev. O. W. Scott of York, Me., son of the Orange Scott of history, writes: "The Old Herald never gave such satisfaction as now. Long may it continue to bless its many thousands of delighted readers."

#### EDUCATIONAL.

The Wesleyan University has just issued its annual catalogue. The whole number of students is 138. Seniors 24, Juniors 32, Sophomores 48, and Freshmen 33. The Faculty consists of President Cummings, Professors Johnston, Newhall, Van Vleck, Harrington, Van Benschoten, Rice and Hibbard. The college is flourishing. The Rich Hall, the new library building, is nearly finished—a beautiful structure. The Memorial Chapel is initiated. All departments are in a healthy and prosperous state. It is one of the best colleges in the land. Prof. Van Vleck recently visited Cambridge to negotiate for a new telescope. We hope some benefactor will soon see the necessity of endowing the astronomical department, and enabling this very able scholar, who ranks among the first in scholarship to honor our college and church by his contributions to this science. He is now prevented from any extensive investigations by lack of an observatory and its equipments. May they soon be supplied.

Wesleyan Academy.—Rev. Dr. Cooke writes: "No term has ever opened under more promising circumstances than this. More than three hundred and fifty students have been registered, and they continue to come. Good order and attention to study prevail in an unusual degree. A good work of grace is going on in the school, and a considerable number of our pupils are seeking the new and higher life."

We have suspended church building for the winter, but hope to settle up and pay the bills during this period, and then be prepared to resume in the spring, and prosecute to completion this important enterprise.

The structure, so nobly commenced, will, when finished, be an honor to our common Methodism. But till such a result is achieved, our cause must continue to suffer."

Newbury Seminary, Rev. E. A. Titus, Secretary, reports:

This institution has enjoyed during the fall term unusual prosperity. The attendance has been large, and the interest marked. It was the unanimous opinion of the Board of Visitors, that, as a whole, the last examination was one of the best. The Committee made honorable mention of the classes in Greek Grammar and Anabasis—in beginning Latin, and in Caesar—in French, especially the fourth class,—in finishing Algebra, and Geometry—in Astronomy and Rhetoric. The class in Physiology did themselves and their teacher credit. A medical gentleman present declared it to be the best recitation in that study of which he had any knowledge. The recitation in English Literature was especially good; and that in analysis and parsing was the sharpest practice in grammatical criticism to which we ever listened. The large class in Ornamentals, also gave tangible evidence that they had fully availed themselves of an opportunity in those branches. The Musical department well sustained its former excellent reputation. The young ladies and gentlemen gave a Rhetorical Exhibition, in which they won themselves high praise, in the delivery of original compositions. Some of these were decidedly of high order of talent. The poem, by Mr. J. O. Sherburn, on "Beauty—the Seal which God has set on all His Works," and another, by Miss C. V. K. Towne, entitled, "The song of the heart remains unsung," are worthy of being classed under this head. At the conclusion of the Rhetorical Exercises, Prof. Wilder was very pleasantly surprised with a gift of a splendid silver tea service, presented on behalf of the students, by Mr. Pierce. Miss Jewell, the Preceptress, was also called for, and presented with a golden gold watch and chain, in behalf of the school, in some very appropriate and touching remarks by Miss White.

The Committee desire to say that, in their judgment, the Seminary continues to do most efficiently, as in the past, the work assigned it. Prof. Chester, the new Principal, is the right man for the place, and is ably sustained by his assistants. The church should sustain this school by sending their children here to be educated. It is for the present, at least, the school of the church in Vermont. And it well deserves its patronage. We are fully of the opinion that the members of our church in this State, and others, having children to educate, can do no better by them than to send them to Newbury Seminary.

THE MAGAZINES AND WEEKLIES. "Cassell's" for December is full of stories and pictures, with bits of stronger meat for healthier digestion.—*The Atlantic* for January bristles with the electricity of genius. Lowell, Whittier, Hawthorne, Emerson, Dickens, Parton, Taylor, and others, make up a powerful cast of characters; and each man acts well his part. A better tone is appearing in the Book papers, Prof. Stowe's work being charitably reviewed. With such an outlay, *The Atlantic* will give its new rivals a hard race.—*The Living Age*, Jan. 4, has *The London's* article on The Talmud. All who do not take the former, be sure and buy this number.—*Every Saturday* opens the year with a story by Charles Reade. As it has a forgery and two fights in the first two chapters, it is of course very wide awake. The whole thing is evidently sensational, and will doubtless have its reward, selling the book no less than the reader.—*Harper's Bazaar* has a very beautiful painted fashion-plate in its holiday number.—*The Nursery* for January is as petite and perfect as ever.—*The Riverside Magazine*, 1867, bound, is one of the finest volumes we have seen. Its cover is chaste and elegant, its contents, childish and attractive.—Oliver Optic begins his *Boys' and Girls'* (Lee & Shepard) bravely. It is one of our most popular magazines, especially with boys.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE for December, (A. Williams & Co.) is a very duenumber. Its illustrations by Dore and other artists are excellent. Its contents are interesting, religious, literary, and instructive. Its frontispiece is a handsome chromo of a child and dog. It is published by the London Society for Christian Knowledge, and is one of the best and most beautiful of magazines.

## THE CHILDREN'S TABLE.

## POLLY.

Brown eyes, straight nose;  
Dirt-pies, rumpled clothes;  
Torn books, spoilt toys;  
Arch looks, unlike a boy's;  
Little rages, obvious arts;  
(Three her age is); cakes, tarts;  
Falling down off chairs;  
Breaking crown down stairs;  
Catching flies on the pane;  
Deep sighs,—cause not plain;  
Bribing you with kisses  
For a few farthing blisses;  
Wide awake, as you hear;  
"Merry's sake, quiet, dear!"  
New shoes, new frock;  
When it's time to go bed,  
And scorn sublime for what is said;  
Folded hands, saying prayers,  
Understands not, nor cares;  
Thinks it odd, smiles away  
(Yet may God hear her pray!);  
Bedgown white, kiss Dolly;  
Good night!—that's Polly;  
Fast asleep, as you see;  
Heaven keep my girl for me!

## "BE KIND TO YOUR SISTER."

BY MRS. C. M. EDWARDS.

Little Ella had been on a visit to see her cousins out among the mountains. Her brother Bennie did not go, for two reasons; one was, there were no boys in the family, and being a driving, restless fellow, his parents were afraid he would trouble them, especially the children's grandmother, who lived with her son's family. The other reason was, Bennie's father had promised to take him to the cattle show that was coming off. So Ella went alone on her visit, and Mama said they would drive out after her when she had staid long enough. Just a week after, the family was surprised to have Ella returned to them by stage. But the mystery was soon explained by a note in her pocket. A little girl of a neighbor had died suddenly of scarletina, and her aunt thought it best that she went home at once.

"Hurrah!" cried Bennie, dashing into the sitting-room, "here's Sis come home, and to-morrow Fair Day, and you have had your time, and mine is coming."

"I am glad you are going to have a good time," said Ella, and then she began to tell her brother about Bessie and Kate, and their big dog Fido, who would find their balls every time when they threw them into the tall grass. But Bennie only poh-pohed at all her little stories, and said they were nothing to the cattle show. Ella grew tired at last of trying to entertain him, and lying down on the lounge, she was soon fast asleep. When Sally came to take her up to bed, she said it was a shame to put a little girl into that ugly stage,—was enough to kill her. In the morning Bennie called under the window for his sister to get up and see them off, and soon she came down looking pale and rather peevish.

"Bennie, won't you let me have your 'Pictures of Beasts,' the book Cousin Lewis sent you?" asked Ella.

"'Tis locked up in my box, and I can't bother," said Bennie, not very gently.

"But you might let me have the key, Bennie, dear; you know I unlocked it the day you sent me for the ball."

"I shan't do it," said the thoughtless brother, "I've got a hundred things to do; put on my boots, and brush my hair, and eat my breakfast; here, Sis, put my slippers in the closet."

Ella put the slippers away, wondering how Bennie could say he had a hundred things to do, when there were but three; and when the carriage had driven from the door, she went and lay down on the sofa, and the tear that had been trembling since her brother had repulsed her rolled slowly down her cheek, and was followed by other tears, and she was glad that her brother did not see her, for he would have called her cry-baby, and Ella did not like that name. You may be sure that when the mother came in, Ella was kindly cared for; her face was bathed in cold water, and she had a nice breakfast, and her mother called her lamb, and birdie, and all the pet names that the little girl loved.

As for Bennie, he would have had a happy day but for the remembrance of that trembling tear he had left in his sister's eye. It came between him and the big oxen and cows, and he was sometimes vexed with himself and sometimes with Ella.

But at evening when they reached home there was Dr. Arden's gig at the door, and the father threw the reins to a boy, and went in and up stairs, followed by Bennie as fast as possible. There lay little Ella with such burning cheeks, and her forehead covered with a wet bandage. The little girl heard her brother enter, and her mother's "hush" to his rapid footsteps, and she opened her eyes, and put out her little burning hand.

"No matter about the book, Bennie, dear; I was too

tired to read it." They were the last coherent words of the poor child. The next hour she was talking wildly with her cousins, and throwing the ball for Fido to catch. At sunrise the next morning she went home to the loving Saviour; a birdie that had taken to herself wings, a lamb gathered home by the Good Shepherd.

It was whispered at school that Bennie had lost his little blue-eyed sister, and the scholars were all sorry for him. He was kept at home a few weeks, lest he too might be ill. When he appeared among the scholars, it was remarked how pale he was and how gentle he had become. Timid little girls came to look upon him as their protector, and he seldom went home from school at night without some one of them by the hand. Thus did Bennie learn in his sorrow to be gentle and compassionate.

We hope the boys who read THE HERALD will profit by this story, and practice kindness and gentleness while their little friends are about them. Be very kind to your little sisters, boys, for, like the birds, they have sometimes wings given them to fly away.

## SCRIPTURE ENIGMA, NO. 2.

I am composed of 50 letters.  
My 24, 51, 37, 46, 28, 56, 19 was the son of Kenaz.  
My 53, 58, 39, 14, 48, 29 was governor of Judea.  
My 10, 3, 21 was a city of Moab.  
My 52, 31, 36, 40, 8, 26 was a city of Canaan.  
My 54, 22, 27, 33 was a prophet.  
My 32, 19, 38, 57, 45 was a tree mentioned in scripture.  
My 30, 41, 49, 11, 7, 35, 9 was the eldest son of Levi.  
My 47, 1, 55 was a city of the Canaanites on the Mediterranean.  
My 6, 17, 59, 5, 50, 16, 8, 4, 18, 42, 13, 29 was a village 33 miles south of Rome, mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles.  
My 2, 15, 8, 51, 11, 17, 8, 38, 23 was used by Moses in making the curtains of the tabernacle.  
My 43, 20, 46, 50, 44 is a small animal spoken of in Proverbs.  
My 43, 32, 23, 34, 27, 55 is sometimes used for keeping money.  
My 12, 21 was the birthplace of Abraham.  
My whole is found in one of the Psalms.

GEORGE AND FRANKIE S.

Answer to Enigma No. 1.

"Love God and keep his commandments." C. E. ELSBREE.

## BETHLEHEM.

## A CHRISTMAS CHANT.

BY REV. DR. NADAL.

Hail, gateway of the heavenly world!  
Hail, city of earth's brightest morn!  
What matchless grace to be the place  
Where Christ was born?  
To-day forgot be every spot  
But Bethlehem, its inn and plain,  
Its coming Lord, its angel guard  
And shepherd train.

Let hostile churches crowd to view,  
With only these to feed the sight,  
And as they meet at infant feet,  
In love unite.

Let grateful earth weep tears of joy,  
And winter feel her veins grow warm;  
Let frost and snow with rapture glow  
Beneath the charm.

Amid the happy childish throng,  
Around the richly laden tree,  
Let each fond gift the spirit lift,  
Sweet Babe, to Thee.

Ye statesmen, skilled in wise deceit,  
Within that stall behold your Lord?  
"The single eye" each cause must try  
With gentlest word.

And ye that dig to nature's heart,  
Or force the soul to your assize,  
The manger-throne says: "Faith alone  
Is deeply wise."

Ye nations filled with rage and hate,  
Behold the infant Prince of Peace  
With melted heart bid wrath depart  
And battles cease.

O Bethlehem! thy palace stall,  
Thy favored plain, in bright array,  
Thy angel choir, thy infant sire,  
Are here to-day.

In words and deeds Christ treads the earth,  
Our noblest acts his garments wear,  
And where a thought from heaven is brought,  
His birth is there.

Then gather in the palace-stall  
With grateful song and flag unfurled:  
That narrow place hath still the space  
To hold the world.

—The Methodist.

## COMMENTS OF THE COMMENTATORS.

## THE ADVENT.

Jesus Christ is the first-born of the Blessed Virgin! We are in some sense her younger children, for Jesus is the first-born among many brethren. His stooping to the weakness of infancy is so much the more worthy to be adored, as it appears more unworthy of his greatness and wisdom. Rejected of men, he borrows the habitation of beasts.—Worship him. Jesus Christ is king by birth, and from that very time demands our homage and allegiance. This courageous and undissembled faith of the wise men is a very great example. God protects those who think of nothing but performing their duty without perplexing themselves about the consequences of it. The star of Jesus with respect to us, is his word. Herod-troubled. Christ is the peace of the

righteous and the trouble of the wicked.—*Thou Bethlehem, art not the least.* Happy the country, but more happy the heart in which Christ is born. One city alone had this privilege; but every soul may have it.—*And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child and Mary his mother, and fell down and worshiped him.* What faith was here, to worship a poor neglected infant as God. And what power in this infant to bestow such a faith as this, so humble, so courageous, and so destitute of all human support.—*And when they had opened their treasures, they presented unto him gifts, gold, and frankincense and myrrh.* To open one's heart is to open one's treasure; it is Christ who fills it; it is to him it must be opened. Happy the man who always finds therein the gold of charity, the incense of prayer, and the myrrh of mortification.—*They departed into their own country another way.* Let us, like these wise men, be obedient to inspirations; and, like them, take a contrary course from the world. We can never return unto heaven but by a road different from that which has carried us away from it. It is the greatest of all delusions, to pretend to be converted without changing our lives, and to go to heaven by that way which was leading to hell.—*Christ sent into Egypt.* The world seeks Christ for no other purpose than to destroy him. Let my heart, O Jesus, be the Egypt of thy refuge from the persecution of the world! Live there, reign there, stile and suppress there whatever thou shalt find there of the spirit of Herod. Nothing is lost when it is lost for God.—*The Massacre of the Innocents.* Christ reduces within the order of his goodness the greatest disorders of human wickedness. To lament the death of infants is to lament their salvation.—*Quesnel.*

The salvation of the world in the form of a Child, concealed and yet well known, hated and feared, yet longed for and loved; signally despised, and yet marvelously honored; beset by extreme dangers, and yet kept in perfect safety.—The holy Child viewed as the moving centre of the world in motion, setting everything in motion, attracting the congenial, repelling the repulsive—Christ had come to the wise men before they came to him.—In preaching to the heathen, let us bear in mind that there is a star in their firmament.—The clearest light among the heathen is but star-light.—Candid philosophy must lead to Christ. Every department of knowledge is a mere potsherd unless complemented by faith.—Jesus is still the King of the Jews—a watchword for (Jewish) missionary enterprise. The King of the Jews is not to be found at Jerusalem, the city of the King.—Even inquiry after Christ alarms an unbelieving world.—*Lange.*

**THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER.**—It is related of a benevolent man that he lived in a village poorly supplied with water. Dry seasons exhausted the wells, and reduced the citizens to great straits. About a mile distant was a never-failing spring. The waters from this he conducted by pipes to the heart of the village, and so furnished a supply at all seasons to the inhabitants. This act of generosity touched the people, and when he was dead they erected a monument to his memory by the fountain that he had opened for their benefit. Such a fountain has Jesus opened to assuage the thirst and save the lives of perishing men. It rises as the river of the water of life out of the throne of God and of the Lamb; and the Spirit and the bride call to the thirsting multitudes lining its banks to approach and partake freely of its healing virtue. Shall we not erect in our hearts a monument to the Author of this living fountain; a memorial of our gratitude and devotion; a testimonial of his goodness and condescension?

**CHRIST'S SYMPATHY FOR THE POOR.**—The Son of God appears to have felt an especial sympathy for the poor. Some of his most tender words of consolation were expressly intended for them. "Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your Heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they?" "Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." The rich were not shut out: Nicodemus the ruler was received; and the offerings of the wise men of the East were accepted. But let us not forget that it was emphatically to the poor that the blessed Gospel was preached. Poverty, suffered in fellowship with the Son of God, and solaced by his sympathy, has a lustre greater than that which sparkles from the diadem of kings. The pious Lazarus is comforted not only when borne to Abraham's bosom, but when lying in rags at the gate, seeking crumbs from the rich man's table. His crust may be sweetened with reflections such as these: "Am I poor? so was my Lord. Am I hungry? so was my Lord. Am I homeless? the Son of Man had not where to lay his head. Shall not the disciple be as his Lord, and the servant as his great Master?"—A. L. O. E.

Let every pious parent regard his family as a little school for the church, and act as a teacher designated by the Saviour on purpose to train the children for his service, and we shall see a glorious result. Let parents neglect this duty, and their children will prove incompetent to meet the responsibilities awaiting them, and the parents must answer for the ruin that will ensue. The laws of Lycurgus required that all children of Sparta should be trained for the State. Jesus teaches his subjects to believe that children are a heritage of the Lord, and to train for the church.

# The Herald.

## COMPROMISE CARS.

Among the causes assigned for the late horrible accident on the Lake Shore is that compromise cars are used. Though this is not affirmed by the jury, it is not denied, and the cause they give is of a kindred nature. An axle bends and pulls the wheels inside the track. If a bent axle can effect such horrible destruction, the compromise car which runs regularly over this road is liable to the same catastrophe, and must some day, if it did not on this occasion, become the means of woful massacre to those whom unsuspicuously it entraps to their destruction.

The gauge of the New York Central road is about two inches narrower than that of the Ohio. To avoid changing cars, a car is constructed a little wider than the usual one on the New York route, but which can pass over its rails. This car is about an inch narrower than the Ohio cars, but can still cover its track. But its span is hardly more than the track, and when the edge of the rail is ragged, or worn off, it fails to cover the track evenly, and is easily jerked from its position. The lightening wheel catches in a rough edge, or the rails spread in the slightest degree, or a "frog" interferes, and the car in an instant is off the track, over the precipice, and all its inmates mangled or burned.

The evil lies in compromise. It is the old American, older human sin repeated, with its usual results. One would have thought that a nation which had lost myriads of lives through compromise would have shunned it everywhere. But though you bray a fool in a mortar with a pestle, pounded and crushed into powder, yet will not his foolishness depart from him.

Nor is this without farther analogies. The business disciple is tempted to run compromise cars. Only an inch or two, he says, distinguishes the route of Christian probity from that of worldly success. Can I not run on both tracks? So he pushes his wares on a declining market, or buys of his less shrewd neighbor on a rising tide, or sells a less valuable commodity as of the first quality, or takes advantage of another's necessity to make him pay unjust usury. A thousand fold is this compromising temptation. It is not open robbery, but actual. It is called "business transactions," "fair trade," "smartness," and other pretty names, but is really lying and stealing,—violations in the sight of God of two of his especial commandments. It almost always results, as do these Cleveland compromises, in the destruction of the property, and even of the soul of the compromiser.

The politician has his compromise car. He seeks to run on the long and tortuous track of official life by yielding a little, only a little to the passions and prejudices of the hour. Hardly ten thoroughly honest, consistent, upright men can be found in all our political history. Only one President, probably, Washington, can come under this category.

This temptation invades the ministry. How many preachers are led to flatter their hearers, a little; only a little, that they may keep their places or please their masters. They hide some word of truth; they dodge some conviction of duty, they shrink from declaring the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. How few there are in our land today that denounce the hideous sin of caste, that refuse in the least to follow or be led by it. As few almost, as a generation ago denounced the then fashionable and ruling sin of slavery. They know it is wrong, but to say so makes some parishioner offended, and reduces the chances of his stay, or the amount of his income, and so they talk away off on general, not special sins.

The church is troubled with the same evil. It sees too often so many flattering disguises of false religion that it stretches out its hand in fellowship when it should open its lips in rebuke. It tries to run its cars on different and irreconcilable tracks. This was the trouble in the days of Moses, of Elijah, of Paul, of Christ. What difficulty Moses had to keep the church in the wilderness unspotted from the world! How Elijah had to cry out to a believing but compromising assembly, "If the Lord be God, serve Him." Paul spends much of his writing to save the Church from running compromise cars. "Put on the Lord Jesus Christ," he exclaims, "and make no provision for the flesh to fulfill the lusts thereof." And our Lord and Master is unceasingly urgent in these rebukes and warnings. "Ye cannot be my disciples," he declares, on any such condition. Will we hear and heed these words and deeds of God? He punishes all wrong. He rules all worlds and all departments of all worlds. He makes the cars conform to His law, and compels a scientific sin to be terribly but most justly punished. Would He be less merciful in treating willful, intelligent, spiritual sins? All will be rewarded, some here some hereafter; those that belong to time, in time;

those that belong to eternity, in eternity; those that belong to both, in both. The State and the Church, every disciple and every non-disciple, minister and member, should lay to heart this warning. Avoid compromise cars, everywhere; not on the railroad only, but in your business, your preaching, your political duties, your private life. Cleave to Christ, and Christ alone. Then no perils can harm you. Calamity may overtake your person and estate, but, like Job, your integrity is preserved. You walk unharmed amid the fires, and dwell now and forever secure and joyful in the heart of God.

## THE ITINERANCY: ITS STABILITY.

This conjunction of terms seems paradoxical. Can a moving wheel be still? the most circulating currency be permanent? And yet nothing is truer than that the best machinery even in motion has the air and character of stability. The best currency is without fluctuation; the ever-moving heavens are without changeableness. The Essence of Life, Life Himself, which includes and necessitates an infinite and ceaseless activity is without shadow of turning. Properly then may a system of ministerial and ecclesiastical unity full of changes, be considered full of stability. In the debates that have arisen on the proposed admission of the church formally to her proper place in the legislation of the church, a perfectly correct statement which ought to answer every objector to this consummation as it carries with it a condemnation of all opposition in its very language—in this debate the greatest stress is laid on the possibility, or as it is sometimes affirmed, the probability, and even the certainty, that it will destroy the itinerancy. We wish to remove every ground of objection to what we deem a scriptural and most just necessity. We would treat with the utmost kindness every fear; believing that only a true and holy zeal for the church prompts these feelings. Some journals of other orders boast that the improvement will result in the overthrow of the itinerancy, and even of the Episcopacy. Their wish is fitter to the thought. We regret that our central organ should reproduce these false prophecies. The Methodist Church asks no advice of its sisters in the settlement of the honest questions of difference that arise in her own communion. Like brethren who love one another, and love their church only less than they love their God, they will calmly and pleasantly consider what is for her best interest, and decide for that which seems most accordant with the mind of Christ. That the majority of our Conferences and bishops, and the tens of thousands of our laymen in all parts of the land, who favor this improvement, are the enemies of our itinerancy, book concern and Episcopacy, is as untrue as would be the charge that those who oppose it desire their overthrow. All equally and ardently love the church and all her institutions.

Our outside brethren who wipe very dry eyes as they commiserate our impending ruin, even as England did when she bewailed the disruption of America, need not waste much of this sympathy over us. We are all in the best kind of good nature, and shall put such new improvements into our ecclesiastical machinery as the best judgment of the church shall determine, and go on as in our past, more and more, with the blessing of God, conquering and to conquer. We are surprised that this talk has troubled any mind in our own communion. We doubt if any have been actually troubled. Yet as it is employed to create that feeling, it is well to consider how firmly the principle of Itinerancy is rooted in the American mind, both Church and State. The same Advocate lately had two able editorials on the Failure of a Settled Ministry, and the Pleasures of the Itinerancy. We propose to add a corresponding one on the Stability of the Itinerancy.

1. The Itinerancy agrees strikingly with the usages of America. In this country it is rare that an officer, except he be a judge, and not always then, holds his post for life, or for more than a very few years. Our Presidents, no matter how popular, must, by a tacit understanding reign not over eight years. Only once for over forty years have they ruled over four years. With him his cabinet invariably leaves office. Our governors, however popular, rarely hold their seat for more than two or three years. It was not because they had exhausted their abilities that such governors as Buckingham, Banks, Andrew, and Curtis were so soon displaced. It was because of this American law.

To this tendency the Itinerancy adapts itself. It feeds the constant greed for novelty. It puts a new man before the people. It keeps the public stirred up with this fresh leavening. It fascinates the eye and ear that might otherwise pall in satiety. It is truly and greatly American.

But this attraction would be ruinous to those who imitate it, but for a counter excellence. When one gets office, he is sure soon to lose it. But he is not sure of exchanging it for another. He is dismissed by his con-

stituents, and left to shift for himself. Not so with the itinerant. His bread will not fail him; his water shall be sure. Another church is craving his gifts, because of their freshness, and are as anxious to obtain him as some he is leaving may be to dismiss him. There are as many vacant churches as their vacating ministers, and he therefore is, or ought to be without care or pining as to his future.

2. This stability of the Itinerancy is strikingly seen in contrast with the eccentricities of other ministerial bodies. The settled ministry is as unstable as the sea. The asteroids hardly clash more fiercely, or become ground into smaller powder. It was reported in the Congregational statistics, a year or two ago, that of about 2,500 ministers, a little over one third were settled; about one third, stated supply; and nearly one third without any sort of regular church arrangement. When we remember that of the first, or settled fraction, but a small portion of them remain settled for a term of years, it will be seen that our brethren of the "standing order" have ceased to stand. They have become a disorder, moving and flying in all directions, like a routed army.

It is also declared, on good authority, that the Baptist ministry, one of whose journals is thus especially bemoaning the destruction of our Itinerancy, do not average a year in a church, take all their clergy and churches in all the land. Rev. Dr. Reid was sent to Cincinnati, less than four years ago, as editor of *The Western Advocate*, and he reports himself the oldest settled evangelical clergyman in that city.

The excellency of the itinerancy will be seen by any one who will visit any ministers' and churches' exchange of other bodies of a Saturday morning. The anxious faces of the men of God who are seeking bread, is a painful commentary on a system that gives no equivalent for peremptory and general dismissals. *The Advance* offers its columns as a medium for clerical and church advertising and barter. An *advance* downward, that, but one rendered inevitable by rotation without law, rotation of ministers on an unmoving church. No church in this land so perfectly supplies all its pulpits and sustains actively all its ministry. More than once have we heard brethren of other churches regret that they were not thus favored. If aged, sick, or of no especial fascinations, as are the mass of ministry as well as of all other men, they tire out, get cast off and take to agencies, stated supplies and sundry jobs here and there, with an anxiety for themselves and their families such as no itinerant, even the most harshly served, ever suffered. By the side of such anarchical activity, the steady movement of the Methodist Itinerancy is like the wheeling of the sun and his system among the cometary brilliances and star-dust that cross their steadfast track. The most stable ministry to-day in America is the Methodist Itinerancy. It will continue to be.

## OUR WORK IN THIS CITY.

There are 155,000 residents of Boston who do not regularly attend religious services on the Sabbath, and who could not find pew accommodations, were they so inclined. We have one hundred and twenty-five places of worship in the city proper, which at an average estimate can seat 75,000 people. What shall be done for the balance of our population of 230,000? The query addresses itself to every Christian heart, in all the importance of a terrible responsibility. We are commanded by divine authority to go into the "highways and hedges," in quest of the perishing, and yet shrink from giving the invitation to them. There are thousands of destitute people among us, and that number tripled, in ordinary circumstances, whose souls are to be saved only by extending to them the potent message of a Redeemer's love. There are men and women to-day, in our lanes, alleys, and main streets too, who would gladly be found in the Lord's sanctuary, were they able to hire cushioned seats and parade down the church aisles in the most stylish livery of the "upper ten" congregations. But wealth has been denied them, and they shrink from the palatial temples where the peal of the organ drowns the rustle of the silks, and where the beauty of the minister's rounded sentences is only quelled by the polish of his apparel.

It is our peculiar mission to bid the masses, black or white, high or low, to an interest in a common Saviour, and a seat in his house. What we need, especially, are several plain and substantial chapels for mission efforts, in such sections of the city as may meet the increasing wants of the irreligious population. Let these be built, and audiences and laborers will not be lacking; neither will the result be uncertain, for "all the promises are yea and amen."

Some months ago the Hanover Street Church took the initiative in this direction by opening a famous dance hall on North Street, under the auspices of its church society. Their laborers are abundant, headed

by Mr. Crowell, and their labors have been signally blessed of God.

Here, in that central spot of the worst portion of our city where hell seems to ooze out of the very ground, we have set up the banner of the cross. Around it have rallied that church, and scores who have entered the hall to scoff and jeer, have been convicted of sin, and fallen prostrate at the feet of the Lamb. To Him be the glory forever.

The veteran sailor, whose days ashore have been heretofore full of wickedness and blasphemy, has there learned to pray; while many a fallen creature, whose very presence seemed moral, as well as physical pollution, has wept for joy over the consciousness of pardoned sin.

Warren Street, Grace, Meridian Street, and our sister churches, have also awakened to the pressing importance of this missionary effort. It only needs the encouragement of faithful prayers and pecuniary donations, to enlarge our denominational borders, and infuse new vitality into all our being. Distinctively missionary in its inception, shall the Methodist Church yield its laurels to others? Shall the blood of Wesley, Asbury, and the sanctified hosts, flow cold and sluggardly through our veins to-day? God forbid! Let generous contributions be given to our missionary, Rev. Mr. Kelley, in his inestimable labors of love, and such labors "shall not be in vain in the Lord."

Let the mission chapels be erected. Let the bell call in all classes; the mechanic, the laborer, the prodigal and outcast, the black and white, and let the word of primitive gospel truth be preached to them. Let tracts be distributed. Accompany the Testament with a suit of clothes, a kind word with a loaf of bread, and we shall realize as Methodists here, and through eternity, the full force of that benediction, "Blessed are they that scatter beside all waters."

#### ENGLAND AND HER POLITICAL EXECUTIONS.

The *Provincial Wesleyan* devotes a column to our brief paragraph on England's crime and folly in executing three men who were concerned in a political riot. We do not wonder that our neighbor is sensitive. We only wonder what his editorial would have been had our nation executed Jeff. Davis, who was no headstrong momentary rioter, but an offender that slew by the bullet, the cannon, and starvation, knowingly and persistently, hardly less than a million of our countrymen. A ten line editorial would have hardly satisfied its sense of justice in that case, as it did ours in England's. It compares this deed with our execution of Mrs. Surratt. But she was accused and convicted of being accessory, active and long, to the most horrid assassination known in history. Had these three Irishmen plotted the murder of Victoria, and done the deed, no American would have questioned the propriety of their execution. But they only sought to deliver their brethren, guilty, as this journal confesses, only of a political crime; "traitors" it calls them, but traitors who had only put their treason into talk. A shot was fired into the "van" so heedlessly by the mob that it was as likely to have killed their friends as the policeman. Now for this offence, nothing but manslaughter at the farthest, and hardly that, the Tory ministry of England hung three persons, one of them a lad of nineteen summers. We tell our provincial brethren it will never do to defend this act. It has received the just execrations of all true men in Britain, and everywhere else. We published a thrilling poem of one of her most brilliant writers against it. Bright, Gladstone, Hughes, all the real reformers and real men of England, did all they could to prevent it. *The Daily News* and *Morning Star*, the only two liberal journals of London, denounce it in severest terms. They quote without disapproval, an American statement, that "Victoria has made herself in this deed as infamous as Isabella II." This was done by the same Tory party that refused to allow Englishmen to gather in a quiet political meeting in Hyde Park, and that, though forced to give them the ballot, to prevent a revolution, yet in spirit, and as far as possible in act, did and will do all in their power to prevent their arising to equal rights and position. They hung up against the outer walls of the prison, in the sight of trembling, sympathizing thousands these three men, as innocent of murder in the true sense of that word, as their own mothers. It was not they, it was the ministry of England, that were the murderers. This event has already produced terrific excitement. It will yet more. Our words foreran, but did not overstate this feeling. Every magistrate, every individual in the realm feels his neck strangulating through fear. We deplore this vengeance, but who aroused it? It has not, and cannot cure the national quarrel. Other measures than the killing of our opponents are required in this age for the settlement of political questions.

*The Wesleyan* concedes our position, when it acknowl-

edges that the object of the undertaking was the only difference between those Fenians and Mr. Parker and others, who sought to rescue Burns, and in which attempt, as in this, the prisoner did not escape, and a policeman was killed. The latter raised a riot, it thinks, for a good cause, the former for a bad one. Our rulers then did not look on these Boston rescuers as engaged in a right cause. Had they had control of the Massachusetts gallows they would have certainly hung the rioters.

It is not whether their motives are right, but whether political offenses, if riotous and resulting in unpremeditated death, are to be treated like ordinary offenses, and punished by the hangman. The English Government has committed the great crime and blunder of so regarding them. She is answering for it to-day in the fearful condition into which all classes are cast by the natural, however erroneous, vengeance of the Fenians.

In this position we are the farthest possible from being, as *The Wesleyan* asserts, an enemy of England. We are among its truest friends. We believe in her people, not her government; her poor, not her powerful; England, not its masters. When the English rule England, she will be in fraternal union with an Ireland ruled by the Irish. We rejoice that not a few of the great men of England are discussing this necessity and laboring for it. We could wish that our provincial press had a little more of the independence in debating the affairs of the home government that characterizes not a few of the best men and journals in Britain. Only from the frankest discussion will the truth be developed.

TRINITY CHURCH, CHARLESTOWN, opened the vestry of its new edifice on Friday evening, Jan. 3d. Addresses were made by Rev. Messrs. Smith, Twombly, Cushing and Haven. The singing by a chorus choir, and solos and duets by the leading singers, was finely executed. The vestry is the largest, probably, in New England, of any denomination. It was crowded on Sunday, and Rev. Dr. Hascall, the Presiding Elder, dedicated it in a very able sermon. The vestry, large as it is, is already crowded, and the house when finished will be. No better church in unity, enterprise and success can be found than Trinity. The spirit of Wilbur Fisk, one of its early pastors, possesses it still.

WE have to ask pardon of our subscribers for what may appear to them an unpardonable delay. The change of form, with the additional work of cutting and stitching, with a holiday occurring the same week, prevented the mailing of the whole issue before Saturday. Two of our clerks were up all night to get it off. We hope this week that every subscriber, at least in New England, will get his paper before Sabbath. We shall soon get into our old running order. Have patience, and it will grow better and prompter, we trust, with each issue.

**ERRATA.**—Rev. W. D. Bridge is misprinted on page 22 Rev. W. W. Bridge. In Dr. Stevens' article, Dec. 26th, "The call is identical in all beings, an inward conviction," should be, "The call is identical in all, being" etc. Also, in the same, "There is no end to the abuse that might not arise," should be "might arise," etc.

**Preparations** are being made for a great Sunday School Convention at Park St. Church, Worcester, the 14th and 15th inst. Rev. J. H. Vincent and Mr. Philip Phillips are to be present. All our friends in that region will certainly be there.

The Missionary Society hold their anniversary at Albany, the 26th and 27th inst. Gov. Fenton will preside. Dr. Sewall, Bishop James, and others, will deliver addresses.

#### PERSONAL.

*The Western Advocate* has the following interesting item on Bishop Morris:

As the church will read with interest all that relates to our venerable Bishop, we report the following: At the Bishop's house in Springfield a class meeting is held, of which he is the leader, although a brother, who is a member of the class, answers for it at leaders' meeting. As a leader he is brief, pertinent, and uncompromised, as all would expect him to be, but he is a singer too. Who ever heard the Bishop sing? In a low, warbling voice, not altogether unmelodious, he distinctly enunciates the words without effort, but full of soul and expression. He does not often sing. The other class meeting night, however, as the friends sat about, he says: "Shall I sing?" Assent being made, he began in his own way, and sang till all hearts were touched, the following appropriate words:

"My latest sun is sinking fast,  
My race is nearly run;  
My strongest trials now are past,  
My triumph is begun.  
O come, Jesus, come."

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks,  
Of friends and kindred dear,  
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,  
The crossing must be near.  
I've almost gained my heavenly home,  
My spirit loudly sings;  
The holy ones, behold, they come!  
I hear the noise of wings.  
O, bear my longing heart to Him  
Who bled and died for me;  
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
And gives me victory.

Rev. J. Lynch, Presiding Elder in the Mississippi Conference, is producing a great impression throughout that State. He will be remembered in this vicinity by his eloquent addresses before the N. E. Conference at its last session, and also for his sermons in the Bromfield Street and Grace Churches. *The Memphis Post* says of him in a discussion he had with a white man, Dr. Raymond: "He made a remarkable effort. The whites looked upon him almost as a supernatural being." Some of his parries were excellent. As when he answered the charge, that negro suffrage was a stolen right, by advising his friends not to insult the anti-slavery men by giving them these stolen goods.

When they said you don't need help from the North, he reported that, "The people did want help from the North. There were five hundred thousand colored children in the South to be educated. Who were to do it? The white people of the South could not educate their own children before the war, but got teachers from the North, and sent their children North. Can they now, after the war, educate the children of both white and black without teachers coming from the North? He said that Mississippi would never be fully restored until we cease to be influenced in our feelings toward a man by the State from which he comes."

The whites were so carried away with him that they insisted on his preaching in their church, which he did on the following Sabbath "to an immense congregation. His effort was considered a masterpiece of impassioned eloquence in the declaration of great truths." Are we afraid to treat our colored brethren as our brethren? Let this Presiding Elder answer. Let us all see to it that every occasion for this reproach is taken away.

Rev. Dr. Vail has been employed by the N. E. Laymen's Committee to canvass this field in the interests of Lay Representation. He is at present in this city, and makes his home with Rev. Wm. McDonald, one of the ablest opponents of the reform. This fact will, we trust, allay the fears of our beloved brethren of the Baptist Church, and *The Christian Advocate*. Did the Dr. design to break up the Methodist Church, his host would assuredly follow the apostolic injunction, and "receive him not into his house." He will yet, we doubt not, add the blessing which is appointed when received, and "bid him God speed!" No debate that ever arose in this part of the church has proceeded more genially or with more persistent and ardent devotion by all parties to the whole church. This pleasant event is but a symbol of the whole movement. It will complete itself in good time, easily, harmoniously, unanimously.

Dr. Hamilton, of Saratoga, lectured before the Ladies' Physiological Society of this city last week. He is a thorough medical scholar, and knows how to mix the healing of Saratoga water with more healing advice. His house is open and full the year round.

Rev. C. H. Payne, of Brooklyn, opened the Bromfield Lecture Course in brilliant lecture on Qualities that Win. Not a few of his Park Street friends were in the audience. They would still be glad to see him in their pulpit.

Rev. Wm. B. Wright, the new pastor of Berkeley Street Church, is a son of Gov. Wright, who died lately, the American Minister at Berlin. They were more fortunate than their Park Street brethren. They found a Methodist by birth and breeding who had strayed into their fold, and they had the good sense to make him their shepherd. He is an able and popular preacher, and is destined to exert a large influence in the community.

It ought to have been mentioned in the obituary of Mrs. Eliza E. Sampson, published last week, that she was the daughter of Rev. A. D. Sergeant. His many friends in the churches where he has labored will sympathize with him and his family in this great affliction.

Rev. A. McKeown preached at the Old South Sabbath evening on "Now is the accepted time." It was an able and eloquent sermon.

Rev. Dr. Warren will commence the course of lectures before the theological students on "Shrines in the Holy Land," on Wednesday evening, Jan. 15, at the Bromfield Street Church. This will be a very interesting course to ministers, Sabbath School teachers, and all Christians. The lectures will be free to all.

Mrs. Francis Anne Kemble is to read the Merchant of Venice at the Music Hall, Jan. 15th. As a reader she has no rival. The great master is rendered with wonderful power by the great mistress of this art. As Mrs. Kemble has refused for years to go upon the stage on account of its immorality, every enemy of this great tempter can testify their approval of her course by attending her reading. It is a study and an inspiration for every minister and more than Dickens will reward their outlay.

#### Books and Pamphlets Received.

*A Memoir of the Life and Labors of Francis Wayland, D.D., LL.D., etc.* By his sons, Francis Wayland and H. L. Wayland. Two Volumes. New York, Sheldon and Co;

*Judge Not; or, Hester Power's Girlhood.* By Mrs. Edwin Sheppard. Boston: Loring.

*American Notes for General Circulation.* By Charles Dickens. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

*Opportunity. A Novel.* By Anne Moncure Crane. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

*Poems of Faith, Hope, and Love.* By Phoebe Cary. New York: Hurd & Houghton. For sale by Nichols & Noyes.

*One Wife too Many; or, Rip Van Winkle. A Tale of Tappan Zee.* By Edward Hopper. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

*An Appeal in Behalf of Family Worship; with Prayers, Hymns, &c., for Family Use.* By C. F. Delano, D.D. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

*Cornell's Intermediate Geography, &c.* New York: Appleton and Co.

*A New System of Infantry Tactics, &c.* By Major-General E. Upton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

*The Empress Josephine. An Historical Novel.* By L. Muhlbach. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton.

*My Prisons.* By Silvio Pellico, with Fifty Illustrations. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

*Eighty Years of Republican Government in the United States.* By Louis J. Jennings. New York: Scribner & Co.

For sale by Graves & Young.

*The Duty and Discipline of Extemporary Preaching.* By F. B. Zulke. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

*Descriptive Catalogue of the Publications of Charles Scribner & Co.* New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

*The Struggle for Life, or Board Court and Langdale.* By Miss L. P. Hale. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

*The Queens of American Society.* By Mrs. Ellet. New York: C. Scribner & Co.

*Fred, and Maria and Me.* By the Author of "The Flower of the Family." Illustrated. New York: Scribner & Co.

*The Lady's Friend for January.* Cassell's Magazine for December.

*Riverside Magazine, Vol. I.* Hurd & Houghton.

*The Huguenot Family.* By Sarah Tytler. New York: Harper.

For sale by L. P. Dutton & Co.

*The Brothers Bet,* a novel. By Emilie F. Carlen. New York: Harper.

## The Church at Home.

### NEW ENGLAND CONFERENCES. MASSACHUSETTS.

*The Boston Preachers' Meeting*, on Monday, Jan. 16, was fully attended, and unusually interesting. The time was mostly occupied in the class meeting and reports from churches.

Several of the churches are enjoying a good degree of revival interest.

Rev. N. J. Merrill reported over a hundred conversions at Coleraine, and that revivals were in progress in several churches in the "hill country" of that region.

Bro. Parkhurst spoke of continuous interest in his church at Woburn, and of many marked cases of conversion.

Father Merrill was in the spirit, and poured out his rich experience in words that made us feel that he was walking on the borders of the promised land. He spoke of camp meetings enjoyed in his dreams, and of waking with joyful songs on his lips.

Rev. S. Kelly gave a summary of the work of his assistants. 448 visits had been made, 57,000 pages of tracts had been distributed, 541 had been gathered into congregations, and 208 into Sabbath Schools. Of these 42 had been hopefully converted.

Rev. W. R. Clark spoke of an encouraging interest in his charge. A lawyer was among the seekers last evening. Rev. Mr. Hanaford said they had enjoyed a month of revival in Centenary Church. Twenty had joined on probation during the last month.

In Salem, thirty conversions had occurred during the month.

Rev. Mr. Brewster said that at Church Street no week had passed, during many months, without seekers.

Rev. Mr. McDonald reported five at the altar in Grace Church last Sabbath evening.

Dr. Vail was present in improved health. He referred to the interesting meeting he had enjoyed in Grace Church last Sabbath, and felt sure that he should not die, but live to do the will of the Lord.

Rev. Messrs. McKeown, of Roxbury, and Barrows, of Charlestown, also reported encouragingly from their churches.

Rev. C. W. Cushing spoke, by request, of the mode of conducting the Sabbath School at Auburndale. It took the place of the afternoon service. The usual recitations of a Sabbath School were conducted for half an hour. A half hour was then given to general exercises for the children. Last Sunday it was on the life of Samuel. The last half hour was devoted to general exercises for all the school—discussions, remarks, etc., on portions or doctrines of scripture.

*Warren Street M. E. Church Mission*.—Rev. A. McKeown reports: The Mission Sunday School opened by the Society last July, in hall on Tremont Street, has achieved already a remarkable success. Ninety scholars were present last Sabbath, under a corps of regular and competent teachers. Bro. John Prince, long known and beloved as an efficient worker, is the Superintendent, to whom and a few faithful sisters living in the neighborhood, the success is mainly due. Rev. Samuel Kelley, our city missionary, has also given it his fostering care. The schools held a Christmas festival, when the parents, teachers, and friends testified their appreciation, not only by sending in such a bountiful supply for the entertainment, as we have scarcely seen on like occasions, but also by their presence till the house was packed. That the mission is no injury to the "old hive" is evident from the fact that the school at the church has increased in numbers, interest and efficiency, meantime, till last Sunday we had three hundred and nineteen present, the largest number for many months.

The mission school on East Street, under the charge of Rev. J. E. Risley, and manned mostly by laborers from this church, is also prospering finely.

*Old Needham Circuit*.—Rev. Noah Perrin says: "The Circuit System improved—in working order—on Old Needham Circuit. A first rate sermon in the forenoon, the whole congregation study the Bible in the afternoon, the preacher is at another village to preach to those who have been studying the Word; having tried to help them: Ives, are more appreciative hearers; poor, old folks, that cannot easily walk two or three miles, are there; all well served; expenses easily halved; preacher not so badly starved as he was on a little 'station'; a carriage provided between places for him; and not being obliged to prepare more than half as many sermons as he would for one station, why, let me ask, is not this the best and most efficient plan to disseminate the word of life to all?"

*Springfield, Mass.*—"F. F." writes as follows:—  
"Our cause is prospering on Springfield District. We are increasing in strength at every point; and new and promising fields are opening. Mercy drops are falling on the churches, and we expect additions at every communion. Our P. Elder is doing a great and good work, making strong and abiding impressions wherever he goes. This Connecticut Valley is the garden of the State, a fruitful soil, where Methodism is destined to flourish more abundantly. One noxious weed cumbering the ground and marts its inhabitants; may it soon pass away, not in smoke but in seed."

*Zion's Church* had a successful fair at Horticultural Hall last week. Among the ladies at the tables was Mrs. J. J. Smith, the wife of the representative J. J. Smith, esq.

### MAINE.

*Farmington, Me., Dec. 23, 1867.*—Rev. John Allen writes: "God is reviving his work in this town, mostly through the instrumentality of Rev. John Cole, a local preacher from Industry. Some forty persons have either been converted or reclaimed from a backslidden state within a few weeks. The work is progressing powerfully. It is soul-cheering to hear them, from the man of gray hairs to the mere child, declaring unequivocally what great things God had done for their souls. We have recently organized a Young Men's Christian Association in this village, which I think promises good. A little more of the old apostolic fire of holiness which was practised by Wesley and Whitefield in their day, I think would facilitate this aggressive work of the association. Pray for us."

*Goodwin's Mills, Me., Jan. 1, 1868.*—"The glorious work of revival is going forward in our midst to the joy of many hearts. The interest has been increasing ever since the camp meeting held near us. About a score of souls have been converted, or reclaimed, including several members of the choir. We expect to see a great many more brought into the fold of Christ. Former pastors will be glad to hear of this, and of course will pray for us."

*Newfield, Me., Dec. 27.*—Rev. O. M. Cousens writes: "Most refreshing seasons are now enjoyed by the church here. The social meetings are feasts of love attended richly by the presence of the Spirit. A dozen earnest, active souls have lately been added to the working force."

*Bethel, Me., Dec. 26.*—Rev. B. Foster writes: "God is blessing the people at Bethel. At one of my lecture appointments, twenty rose for prayers last Friday evening; several have found peace."

Brethren in Maine will please notice the Lay Representation Convention at Portland, 21st inst. Rev. Dr. Cummings, Rev. Dr. Vail, C. C. North, esq., and other brethren are invited and expected to be present.

### CONNECTICUT.

*North Norwich, Conn., Dec. 30, 1867.*—The following, from Rev. N. G. Lippitt, is very gratifying: "The present Conference year has been, thus far, one of spiritual prosperity in this charge. Our congregations on the Sabbath have been unusually large, and our prayer and class meetings well sustained. Many members of the church profess to enjoy full salvation, and testify that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. Recently we have been favored with the efficient labors of Rev. L. D. Bentley, Conference missionary, and God has visited us with a season of refreshing from His presence in which backsliders have been reclaimed and sinners converted."

### Revival Intelligence.

We still continue to receive through the papers and by private channels, information of the great and refreshing work going on outside of our New England Conferences. While many are despondent at the moral condition of society, it is truly cheering and encouraging to see that the Lord has not wholly abandoned us to our idols. We notice that in the Congregationalist, Baptist, and Presbyterian churches there have been great outpourings of late, for which we bless the Lord, as there are many byways leading into the main road which goes up to the city of our God. It is of small consequence which of the little paths we choose so long as they lead into true highway. We should like to copy an extract from *The Western* in reference to what it calls a most wonderful revival in Pearl Street charge, Richmond, Ind.: "Nearly all at the altar every night are converted, most of them very clear and powerful. The interest is spreading and deepening. Surely these are the times," continues the correspondent to *The Western* "like unto those of which our fathers speak in the days of Wesley." In New Lexington, Ohio Conference, sixty-one have recently joined the church. In Bakererville, also Ohio Conference, forty have been converted, and promptly increased the subscription list for their religious organ. That's a good test. From South Eastern Indiana Conference comes the intelligence of sixty-six accessions to the church, and upwards of fifty powerful conversions, with an increased demand for the paper. And in Lock Haven, Penn. (not Hunen as we misspelled it in our last), the work is progressing grandly. The visit of the Auburn praying band to Canandaigua, N. Y., was attended with the conversion of over fifty. On Dingman's Ferry (Pa.) charge, there have been one hundred and thirty-five conversions. Rev. D. Starks, Presiding Elder of the Poultney District, Troy Conference, writes to *The Advocate*, that during his third quarter over three hundred have been admitted as probationers, and as many more have professed conversion; the Troy praying band having been wonderfully owned of God among them. The New York *Christian Advocate* has the following item under the heading of "Care for the New Converts," and it so nearly coincides with our own ideas we gladly give it a place in this connection: "We are gratified to learn that some of the pastors are securing, as new subscribers, the names of those persons recently converted in their revival meetings. This is a good work, whose fruits will soon appear. The encouragement given to young converts by the reading which our paper furnishes weekly is beyond price."

### New York Items.

At the Preachers' Meeting held on Monday, Dec. 30th, the question was discussed as to the best method of securing the co-operation of the members of the church in saving souls. Rev. B. M. Adams thought that the efficiency of the church depended in a great measure upon the management of the minister in organizing and directing lay operations. Rev. S. D. Brown thought we should preach more on the practical duties of the Christian life, and so set the people in motion. Dr. Curry thought that young ministers neglected pastoral work. Dr. Foster gave an account of a most excellent revival now in progress in his church, in which twenty were recently converted through the faithful agency of Sunday School teachers. Speeches were also made by Rev. Dr. Tiffany, of New Brunswick, and by Prof. Cushing, of Lassell Seminary.

There is an extensive revival in Jane Street Church (Rev. T. M. Curry.)

The wife of the Pastor of Green Street Church, Mrs. Inskip, received from the Trustees and her Bible class a donation of \$300 as a Christmas gift.

At the re-opening of the South Street Church, Peekskill, recently, the entire cost of improvements was promptly met by the congregation.

The noble sum of \$3,327 was taken up at a recent collection in aid of city missions at St. Paul's, after a sermon by Rev. C. D. Foss and an address by W. W. Cornell, esq.

*New Jersey.*—*The Methodist* says: "It is in contemplation to hold a Christian Convention for the State of New Jersey in the city of Newark at an early day. It is to embrace all denominations and churches of the State. The design is to consider the methods of best promoting the work of home evangelization among the neglected and unsaved masses. A committee, consisting of Rev. Messrs. R. R. Meredith, S. B. Rooney, and J. Atkinson, was appointed by the Preachers' Meeting on Monday, to confer with a similar committee from the Presbyrian Ministers' Meeting of the city in relation to the enterprise."

*Fully Ripe and Gathered*.—The first man in priority on the roll of the Philadelphia Conference was Rev. William Quinn, who joined the traveling connection in 1817. He was enjoying his usual health up to December 10th. On that day he became unwell, and on the 13th departed this life. For many years he has resided at Newtown, Md. The oldest ministers on the roll of the Conference at present are, J. P. Durbin, 1819; Charles Cooke, 1820; James B. Ayers, 1822; Joseph Castle, 1823; Anthony Atwood, 1825; T. J. Thompson, 1826.

*GENERAL CONFERENCE.*—They are making preparations in Chicago for entertaining the three hundred guests, who will attend the General Conference of May next.

### Southern Methodist.

In the Louisiana Conference of the M. E. Church, South, the following plan of Lay Representation in that Conference was adopted:

"1. That each Quarterly Conference of each District shall nominate by ballot one lay representative.

"2. That at some time during the year the Presiding Elder shall call a meeting of the Quarterly Conferences in his District, which meeting shall elect by ballot four of the said nominees, to be the representatives of the said District to the ensuing session of the Louisiana Annual Conference."

*South Carolina Conference*.—From the report of the secretary in *The Episcopal Methodist* we learn that the Conference met in Morganton, Bishop Doggett presiding. Four were admitted on trial; five continued on trial. Three traveling and three local preachers were ordained deacons; six traveling and five local preachers ordained elders. Eleven were made supernumerary, and eight placed in a supernumerary relation. The claims of the Southern Methodist Publishing House were urged. The statistics developed an increase from former statements of ten local preachers, 944 white and 7,442 colored members. Our colored membership, says the report, is rapidly withdrawing from us, and the saddest statements as to depreciated morals and increasing superstitions among them, reached us. We are hoping, however, that with the diminution of political violence, there will at last be restored relations of harmony and good will. A gracious religious interest attended the entire session, and in all the Conference business, the preachers and laymen present seemed to endeavor to observe the disciplinary injunction of which the Bishop reminded us, "Have a special care to set God always before you."

### The African M. E. Church.

Bishop Payne, in an address before the Wesleyan Committee of Review, at Bristol, England, stated that the African Methodist Episcopal Church in America has 14 conferences, 578 ministers, 50 circuits, 75 missions, 725 local preachers, 130,000 members, 33,000 Sunday School scholars, and 5135 teachers. Their church property is valued at \$1,314,970, and they have a variety of funds liberally supported.

### Donations.

Rev. J. W. Bridge thankfully acknowledges the receipt of fifty-seven dollars, on Christmas morning, from the brethren and sisters of his charge.

Rev. N. H. Martin and family, of Marlboro', acknowledge valuable gifts from their parishioners, at Christmas and previous.

Rev. Horace L. Bray and wife gratefully acknowledge a Christmas present of \$75 from a few friends connected with the Beekman Hill Church, New York City, of which Mr. Bray was formerly pastor; also, \$33 from friends in Centreville, R. I.

Seth C. Carey, Commissary of the Boarding Club of the Methodist Theological Seminary, 23 Pinekney St., Boston, hereby acknowledges the receipt of the following for the table and kitchen of the Club: Coal for the range; a barrel of flour; turkeys, etc., for dinner on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day; a barrel of potatoes; a bushel of apples; several pies and loaves of cake.

Rev. N. T. and H. S. Whitaker gratefully acknowledge gifts to the amount of about \$40, received from their society at Hyde Park, on Wednesday evening, Dec. 23rd. Also, the kind words of Christian encouragement and friendship found written in the large and magnificent Bible which was one of their numerous presents.

### THE SECULAR WORLD.

#### Domestic.

While the steamer Henry Ames was being unloaded of cotton in New Orleans on the 31st ult., the guards gave out on both sides, precipitating a large quantity of the cargo overboard, and drowning or crushing twenty men.

A petition is being extensively signed in Boston in opposition to the purchase of St. Thomas, of hurricane and earthquake notoriety.

The two branches of the State Legislature of Massachusetts were organized on the 1st, the Senate by the election of Hon. George O. Brastow of Somerville as president, and Stephen N. Gifford of Duxbury, clerk; and the House by the election of Harvey Jewell, esq. of this city as speaker, and William S. Robinson, of Malden, clerk. John Morrissey was re-elected sergeant-at-arms by both branches. The usual sermon was preached in the Old South, by James Freeman Clarke. Rev. Henry Morgan was elected chaplain of the Senate and Rev. W. R. Alger of the House.

An attempt was made in Breckinridge County, Kentucky, to blow up a colored church. The explosion took place after the audience had retired, or the loss of life would have been immense.

In the Massachusetts State Senate on Saturday, a bill was introduced and laid on the table, repealing the constabulary law.

Governor Bullock delivered his inaugural before both branches of the Massachusetts Legislature on the 3d.

*The New York Sun* has ceased to shine, and another penny luminary twinkles.

The Governor considered the work on the Hoosac tunnel as being quite satisfactory the past year.

The Governor complimented the State Constables in his recent address.

The venerable Mr. Noble Hurdle, of Georgetown, was present at Mr. Johnson's reception on the 1st, and as he saluted him said he had shaken hands with every President of the Republic.

The Maine Legislature met on the 1st, and elected Josiah Crosby, of Penobscot, president of the Senate, and Theodore C. Woodward, of Bucksport, speaker of the House.

The Governor in his late inaugural said "The man for the crisis—the man for the hour—the man for the people is Ulysses S. Grant." So say we all of us.

The reports of recent outrages by negroes in Virginia are now said to be false.

#### Foreign.

It is reported that King Theodore, frightened by the extent of the expedition coming against him, has released his prisoners. He heard the growl of the lion afar off.

Anson Burlingame has been appointed by the Chinese government a special ambassador to the great powers of Europe, for the purpose, it is presumed, of reviving the Chinese treaties and the settlement of certain questions now under dispute.

The *Moniteur* of June 1, says that Gen. Menabrea is in a fair way to complete the re-organization of the Italian Cabinet, and the formation of a new ministry under his direction may now be considered as certain.

It is said in the *Le Nord* newspaper that the headquarters of the Fenian Brotherhood has been discovered by the police of Paris in the Faubourg du Temple, and that among their papers was a plan for destroying the channel fleet of England.

Some Fenians recently burnt with gunpowder a little English boy who was playing a new game called "Fenian."

## OUR BOOK TABLE.

**BEETHOVEN'S LETTERS.** 2 vols., Hurd & Houghton. The inside of beautiful machinery is not always beautiful; the manufacture of fabrics is less attractive than the fabrics themselves. Beethoven, the Shakespeare of composers, the only genius of that school that fills his art with ideas and imagination, appears as Shakespeare does in the few snatches left of his life, chattering for lands, whining for a coat of arms, or in other very human and very unpoetic attitudes. These letters are interesting from this characteristic. Yet amid their moodiness, their human naturalness, there are not a few flashes of his quality. Here is a manliness that many a Christian might envy. Having done a friend an injury, he thus confesses it: "We are told the best proof of sincere contrition is to acknowledge our faults, and this is what I wish to do. Let us now draw a veil over the whole affair, learning one lesson from it,—that when friends are at variance, it is always better to employ no mediator, but to communicate directly with each other." He was early possessed with the passion of music. Thus he dedicated his first effort to the Elector of Cologne: "Music from my fourth year has ever been my favorite pursuit. Thus early introduced to the sweet Muse, who attuned my soul to pure harmony, I loved her, and sometimes ventured to think that I was beloved in return. I have now attained my eleventh year, and my Muse often whispered to me in hours of inspiration, 'Try to write down the harmonies of your soul.' 'Only eleven years old!' thought I; 'does the character of an author befit me? But my Muse willed it—so I obeyed and wrote.'" When twenty-six years old he had become so deaf, that he says, "when a little way off I can hear none of the high notes." "How often," he adds, "have I cursed my existence! Plutarch led me to resignation!" Poor substitute for the Gospel. "What humiliation when any one beside me heard a flute in the far distance, while I heard nothing. Such things well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life. Art, art alone deterred me." Still no Gospel. Twenty-seven years afterward, in 1827, when near his death, he still bemoans his lot.

**LIVES OF THE QUEENS OF ENGLAND.** by Agnes Strickland, Harper & Bros., (A. Williams & Co.) A good school edition of an excellent work. Worth a thousand novels in this interesting history. Every young lady and gentleman should make its acquaintance.

**ONE WIFE TOO MANY,** by Edward Hopper; **VOICES OF THE BORDER,** by Lieut. Col. Patten; **POEMS OF FAITH, HOPE AND LOVE,** by Phoebe Cary. Hurd & Houghton.

Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a Hurd & Houghton pie. When the pie is opened the birds begin to sing. The four and twenty should be reduced to three. But they sing far more songs than any four and twenty ordinary black or other birds ever achieve. Mr. Hopper tells a questionable story of early Dutch life on the Hudson in almost as questionable verse. The story is far from good, and so is the poetry. The verses are sometimes religious, sometimes comic, but rarely poetic. As a portraiture of a vanished age and race, it is not unpleasing. That a man married a wife in Holland and left for America, sent for her, and she was reported dead, married and she appeared, and both wives lived with their husband with the consent of the Domine, is totally unequal to high demands of heart or mind. Yet it paints death, heaven, the old minister and "the Van" of the Hudson with ease, if not strength and beauty. Col. Patten has many pleasing verses, and his Seminole is full of spirit. But there is a lack of imagination all compact, and especially of high aims, ideas and principles that will make the work of briefest life. Though published since the war, and devoted for many pages to war-lyrics, it has scarcely one on the great conflict and its great ideas.

Miss Cary is of another sort from either of the above. Tender and true is her motto, but sad, too sad, for so witty and merry a maiden. She reserves all her gloom for the public, and bestows all her fun on her friends. If she mixed more of her John Jackson ballads with these sad refrains, she had better pleased both her public and private friends. Songs of Joy and Pleasure should have been added to those of Faith, Hope and Love. But this defect aside, the poems are strong and sweet. They flow trippingly from the tongue. "Sugar Making" is a pretty ballad of maple-forest life. Abraham Lincoln and John Brown are both vigorously drawn. The closing verses of each are very happy.

"Er this face to face with his Father  
Our martyr hath stood,  
Giving into his hand a white record  
With its great seal of blood."

"They hoped at last to make him feel  
The felon's shame and felon's dread;  
And lo! the martyr's crown of joy  
Settled forever on his head."

**THE REPRINTS** for October are of superior value. **The Edinburgh** contains, among other papers, a full account of the suffering and condition of Christians in Madagascar. One has little idea what it is to be persecuted for righteousness' sake, or to take up their cross until they read such pages as these: The revival was great; the persecution hardly less. Rasalana, an earnest, devout, simple-minded woman, was the first martyr. Tortured, yet not accepting the deliverance offered her, which was simply to renounce Christ, she was pierced through with spears. Others were thrown from a rock two hundred feet high. Some were crucified, but faith held firm, and the harvest is growing in that magnificent island from this bloody seed. "Trades Unions," "Miss Edgeworth," "Thomas Drummond," are the other chief articles.—**The Westminster** has a good summary of "Polygamy and Monogamy in Turkey," a very different discussion of "The Apostle's Creed," which, contains, however, some useful statements. We may get to worshiping that form as easily as any other. It thinks it is not of the apostolic times, but foolishly supposes that because it is said to be, therefore Christians accept it. It is because it contains, as the review says, "a great number of evangelical facts." It does not have them all, and is so far faulty. "Democracy" gets a thorough, and on the whole approving consideration. The essay closes with this statement and prophecy: "By the Reform act of 1867, our government will become a

Democracy *de facto*, and it is certain that in time it must become a Democracy *de jure*. The new wine has already been pressed; and it has been said, "the *Review* carefully avoids saying by whom" "Men do not put new wine into old bottles; else the bottles break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish: but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved." "Russia," and "Contemporary Literature," close a valuable number.—**The London Quarterly** is unusually able. "The French Retreat from Moscow" is a good historic study. "Royal Authorship" complements the Queen; Sir Henry Bulwer's "Historical Characters" is well dissected: "Science in Schools," and "The Abyssinian Expedition," are ably handled. But the gem of the number, and the star of the season among the quarterlies, is a discourse, historic, critical and thorough, on "The Talmud." Nothing so exhaustive on this theme is found in our literature. It has already passed the bulky quarterly through a second edition, and will be found of great interest to every student of sacred and sub-sacred literature; though it asks a little too much for Judaism, and therefore must be received with caution.

## THE FARM AND GARDEN.

Prepared for ZION'S HERALD, by JAMES F. C. HYDE.  
Any person desiring information on subjects in this department will please address its Editor, care of ZION'S HERALD.

**Hot-Beds.** In sowing it is well to cover the seed with some very light mould; nothing is better than leafmould and sand, putting it gently with the back of the spade. From the time the seed is sown, attention to airing during the hot part of the day and covering up at night, is essential, and also that the soil be never allowed to get dry. The watering should be done with a very fine rose watering pot, and with tepid water. The temperature at night may range from 55 deg. to 65 deg., and during the day from 70 deg. to 80 deg. As soon as the seedlings are an inch or two high, which will be in 5 or 6 weeks, they must be taken up and re-planted in a more extensive hot-bed, for they now require room. Tomatoes should be planted of a width to give 75 to 150 in each sash. After transplanting, great care is necessary that they always be immediately watered and shaded from the sun until they have struck root, which will be in two or three days after transplanting.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two most essential points in working hot-beds are, in covering up at night, and in giving air during the day. It often happens that a few mild nights in March or April delude us into the belief that all the cold is over, and the covering up is in consequence either carelessly performed or abandoned. Every season shows us scores of victims to this mistake, who, by one cold night, lose the whole labor of the season. It is always safest to cover up tender plants until the 10th of May in this latitude, and the more hardy plants, such as cabbage, to the 1st of April, when raised in hot-beds; even if there is no danger of ever freezing, it will give a more uniform temperature, and consequently conduce to a more healthy growth. The want of close attention in airing is equally dangerous; often an hour's delay in raising the sashes will have the effect of scorching up the whole contents of the hot-bed, and irregularity of airing will always produce "drawn" and "spindling" plants, even when they are not entirely killed. The thermometer is the only safe guide, and should be regularly consulted, and whenever it indicates 75 deg. it is safe to admit less or more of the outer air, proportioned of course to the condition of the atmosphere; if there be bright sunshine and cold wind, very little will suffice; if calm, mild and sunny, admit large quantities.

**Coverings for Protection against Frost.** To cover up hotbed sashes, we use either light pine shutters or straw mats, and sometimes both; the shutters are made the exact size of the sash; there is no necessity of their being more than half an inch in thickness, as that is quite as effective in keeping out the cold as two inches would be, and they are much cheaper and more convenient to handle. Straw mats are, however, by far the warmest covering, and in hot-bed culture are almost indispensable. They are always made at home during wet days or stormy weather in winter. The manner of making them is very simple, and will readily be learned at the first attempt. The "upright" (or warps) are formed of five strands of a tarred string, known as "marline"; these are tightly strained 10 inches apart by being attached to five strong nails at bottom of a wall, corresponding with the same number 7 feet from the bottom. Against these strings (beginning at the bottom) are laid small handfuls of rye straw, the cut side out, as long and straight as can be procured; this is secured to the uprights by a lighter kind of tarred string, by taking a single turn around the upright and the straw, and so continued until the mat is finished. Some use a frame to which the strings forming the warp are attached. This allows the operator to have his work upright or horizontal, as may be most convenient. Two workmen will make about five mats in a day. When finished the mats should be 7 feet in length and 4 1/2 in width, two being sufficient to cover three sashes. The reason for having them made one foot longer than the sash is, that there may be 6 inches to overlap at top and bottom, which are the most necessary points to secure from the frost. In making these mats they may be constructed of sedge from the marshes, or salt meadow hay, when rye straw cannot be procured. It is important, however, that they may be made as light as possible, one inch in thickness, being quite sufficient. By care in handling them, these mats will last for six or eight years.—*Gardening for Profit.*

**Dwarfs among Standards.** Most of the writers on pear culture advise setting Dwarf Pear Trees among standards, and the majority of orchardists have adopted this course; but some have come to the conclusion, from actual experience, that it is not a good way to plant. If they are set between the standard trees the latter will, in a few years, crowd and shade them so as to materially injure them. If they are allowed to root from the pear, they cease to be dwarfs, but will have no room to grow as standards, because a sufficient number of such trees have already been planted on the land. There is but one good reason for so planting, and that is, that as the standards are planted fifteen or twenty feet apart, the space between would, unless used for dwarfs, remain unoccupied for years. There are strong advocates of both modes of planting.—*Ibid.*

**Trees under Snow.** Many fine dwarf pear and other trees were nearly or quite ruined last winter, and indeed are every winter, when there are deep snows, for the want of a little attention. If the trees could be nicely covered, and so remain, it would be an advantage, for there can be no better protection from severe weather; but it is well known that snow soon begins to settle, and drags down the trees that are covered by it. We have seen trees broken and crinkled down in every possible shape and way, so that they have been entirely ruined. Now a little care bestowed upon them just after the snow falls will prevent such a result. Tread down or shovel away the snow, leaving no branches to be dragged down by it, and there will be no liability to damage.—*Ibid.*

## THE RIGHTEOUS DEAD.

[The following obituary was prepared partly by Rev. W. W. Bridge, of the N. E. Conference, and by the son of the subject.]

**EBENEZER FRANCIS NEWELL,** son of Ebenezer and Sarah Newell, was born in Brookfield, Mass., Sept. 1st, 1775. He was probably baptized in infancy. In the records of his life he says, of himself: "Although my sins were forgiven, Jan. 19th, 1801, yet I had no clear, satisfactory evidence until the spring of 1801, in a private conversation on Christian experience."

His Journal says: "Joined a Methodist Society in St. Stephen, of New Brunswick, British Dominions, June 29th, 1800." There lies before me the evidence of this fact in the shape of a "Ticket of Admission to Society." This ticket is a small piece of paper (1 inch by 2 inches), bearing the following, enclosed in an ornamental border: "June 29th, 1800, ADMITTED to meet in Society, Ebenez'r F. Newell."

There lie before me documents of precious interest, among which are the following: 1st, A Letter of Church Membership, dated Thomaston, June 26, 1806, and signed by Reuben Hubbard, Preacher; 2d, A "Local Preacher's License," dated London, March 23d, 1806, signed in behalf of Center Harbor Circuit Q. M. Conf., John Brodhead, P. E.; 3d, A "License as a Traveling Preacher, given at a Q. Meeting Conference held at Lyman, on Landaff Circuit, signed, July 29th, 1807, by Elijah Hedding, P. E." 4th, Deacon's Ordination Parchment (6 inches by 4), signed, Monmouth, June 18th, 1809, by Francis Asbury; 5th, "Elder's Ordination (of similar size to that of deacon), signed at Barnard, Vt., June 24th, 1811, by W. McKendree;" 6th, "Certificate of Location, signed Lynn Conference, June 8th, 1819, by R. R. Roberts." 7th, A Love Feast Ticket, dated Sept. 28th, 1800, with the text: "But the Lord is faithful, who shall establish and keep you." 1st Tim. iv. 3."

Father Newell labored as a traveling preacher almost continuously from 1806 to 1842, when he received a supernumerary relation, though he continued to preach and travel as health and strength permitted.

Father Newell came to Johnsonville the 27th of May, 1806; he was then in good health except a slight swelling in his feet and legs, which slowly but steadily increased till it reached his vitals, when death ensued, and his happy spirit was released, and ascended to join with angels and glorified spirits around the throne of God. His last words were, as I gave him some drink, "Blessed are they that give a cup of water to one of these my servants, God will reward you, my son." He suffered much after the swelling reached his body, but was resigned to the will of God, saying, He knew what was best for him, and would do what was best; he would patiently wait; if God had more work for him to do, He would give him health and strength to do it. If his work was done, He would take him to Himself to be with Him forever. A few days before his death a few friends called to see him. He was very happy hearing them sing and pray, and rejoiced in the glorious prospect of shortly hearing angels sing, and joining in the glad chorus of praise to God.

The evening he died we came to his room for family devotion, which he seemed to enjoy very much, and as he lay down he observed, "I may die to-night, for I feel very weak and oppressed for breath, but my spirit grows stronger and stronger. If I should I am ready; my preparations for the journey are all made, my work is done, my inheritance is before me." He was very restless after laying down, often calling on some of his brethren of the N. E. Conference, and repeating passages of scripture, till about 11 o'clock, P. M., of the 8th of March, 1807, he departed, breathing out his life without a groan in calm peace, as he had always lived. We do not mourn, knowing that our loss is his eternal gain. May his mantle rest upon us. Amen.

His funeral was conducted by Rev. W. W. Mood, who preached a feeling and eloquent sermon from the words of Christ to Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again." There was a large concourse of people, who, as they consigned him to the grave, joined in singing the hymn, "Servants of God, well done."

**TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MR. THOMAS B. BATTLES.**—The following resolution in commemoration of Mr. Thomas B. Battles, late of the Methodist Church in Sudbury, Mass., was voted by the Middlesex South District Temperance Union, at their convention in Newton Corner, Dec. 11th.

**Resolved,** That whereas Mr. Thomas B. Battles, of Sudbury, an honored and active and useful member of this Union, and a "sweet singer in Israel," has deceased since our last gathering, whereby the cause has lost an industrious and devoted adherent, therefore

**Resolved,** That we deeply mourn his loss as depriving the community as well as his family of a respected and beloved member, and as a public loss to the Church and State, and to this Temperance Union.

**Resolved,** That ZION'S HERALD be requested to publish this resolution, and that the same be communicated to the family of the deceased.

R. F. FULLER.

**WIDOW JANE B. TUFTS** died in New Sharon, Me., in August last, aged 66 years. She deserves a place among the obituary notices. She has been a Methodist all the days of her womanhood; has taken the ZION'S HERALD AND WESLEYAN JOURNAL, perhaps forty years. She was strongly attached to her church, and understood its doctrines and government. At the time of the separation from us of the Wesleyans, she resided in N. Farmington. Sister Tufts' class leader and others went with the seceders. About the same time came along the Protestant Methodists, insisting on their better way, and numbers went with them. The results were ruinous to the old Methodist class in the place, and equally so to all the separatists, whose ministers soon left their partisans to take care of themselves. But through all the agitation, the subject of this notice remained unmoved, a firm defender of her own church. She was a person of devout piety, an even and pleasant disposition, friendly and sociable. She died in peace, and has left behind her a good name.

E. B. FLETCHER.

**ALBERT NOBLE,** died in Russell, Mass., Sept. 25, aged 70 years. He was converted when quite young, and for a long period, had been an acceptable member of the M. E. Church, of Blandford Centre. Bro. Noble has been a man of usefulness, one of the bright lights in the church. His piety was uniform and lasting, that of principle founded on the word of God. Some time before his death, he was feeble in health, and was conscious of his approaching end. And when the messenger came, we trust, he was found ready.

E. J. STEVENS.

## The Christian World.

### MISSION FIELD.

Never was the church more encouraged in its mission work than at present. The foreign field is especially blessed with the outpouring of the Spirit. At all points there is a call for more laborers.

*Murder of Missionaries in Fiji.*—The church has been made sad by the intelligence that Rev. Thomas Baker and his six companions had been killed, and probably eaten by cannibals in Fiji. It seems that some portion of these islands have not as yet been visited to any extent by Christian missionaries, and that Mr. Baker and his companions were the first to penetrate these dark regions. The following thrilling account of the affair will be read with interest:

Hitherto, there have been extensive districts in the interior of the larger islands, and more especially of the principal island, Viti Levu, remaining unpenetrated by the missionaries; and it was in 1845 that one of the brethren was for the first time set apart as "missionary to the interior." For two years that honorable position has been held by the Rev. Thomas Baker, who has been called to lay down his life in the service of his blessed Lord and Master. Mr. Baker was a native of Australia, and offered himself to the Australasian Conference for missionary service in the "regions beyond"—a service to which he has fallen a martyr, leaving his name to be associated with those of Williams, Threewell, and others who have been murdered by savages to whom they went offering the word of life. Mr. Baker is not the only one who has fallen a victim to the murderous violence of the Fijians. The native teachers who accompanied them have shared the same fate, and have left their names also to be cherished by their surviving countrymen with immortal honor, as imitators of that blessed Apostle who rejoiced in the prospect of being offered—"pouring forth his blood as a free libation, in the sacrifice and service of the faith";—followers of those glorious confessors of old, who "were stoned, were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword,"—followers of that adorable Master whose ineffable love prompted Him, for the salvation of his brethren, to humble Himself unto death, even the death of the cross.

Our entire church will be touched by the story of the murder of Thomas Baker and his brave associates. They have attained to the most distinguished of honors. They have received the crown of martyrdom. To them it has been given, not only to believe on the Lord Jesus, but to suffer for his sake. They have demonstrated that the age of missionary heroism has not yet passed away. Their glorious example will, more effectually than the pen of the scribe, or the tongue of the orator, rekindle the ancient missionary enthusiasm throughout the length and breadth of our land. No trumpet could so effectually arouse dormant energies or reanimate languishing generosity and zeal, as this story of the murder of our honored brethren, while endeavoring to take possession of new ground in the name of our common Lord and Saviour. Long after the murder of John Williams and his companion Harris by the savages of Eromanga, a few of their bones, being all that had remained of the cannibal repast, were recovered, and were removed with pious care to the neighboring island of Upolu, where they were interred under the shade of the trees which surround the mission chapel. We know not whether any remains of Baker and his companions will be recovered. But the savage who murdered Williams was, years after the commission of the deed, brought under the influence of the Christian teacher, and confessed himself "sorry and ashamed" for what he had done in the days of his heathen ignorance, and it is thus that before long, we may hear, through the divine blessing on the redoubled exertions which will be put forth, that those very savages of Fiji, who, fierce as the maniac among the tombs of Gadara, have just murdered the missionaries and feasted upon their flesh, are found sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in their right mind.

*South America.*—The South American republics are moving in the right direction, and every thing indicates that they will separate the Church from the State before many years. This must be done before any great revival of spiritual religion is experienced. There is an increasing demand for Protestant institutions. Already the American Tract Society is receiving requests for publications in numbers greater than can be supplied at present. In the cities of Chili, the laws against Protestant books are no longer enforced. In Valparaiso, the Mayor refused to close a Protestant chapel at the demand of the Roman Catholics. In Buenos Ayres, the government is establishing Sunday Schools, and the Superintendent of Public Institutions is using his influence in extending the sale of Protestant publications. There is a wide demand for them, although the general tendency of the people is to infidelity, the natural result of the influence that has been exerted upon them by the Roman Catholic Church. The same state of things exists in New Granada and Peru. Now is the time to save these republics for Christ; Protestant Christianity has a great work to do here, and now is the time for it to increase its efforts to save the people.

*China.*—The attention of the Christian Church is particularly directed to China as a mission field. The American Board at its last annual meeting, passed the following resolution:

*Resolved.*, That this Board, with reliance on God, does now accept the work which Providence throws upon it for the evangelization of China; and assured of the abundant ability of the churches, and of the favorable response of devoted young men in our Theological Seminaries to the appeal that shall be made to them, do recommend a speedy enlargement of the missionary force in that empire.

Success, we say, to this great missionary organization in evangelizing this great empire. In order that our readers may have some idea of the population of this empire, we present the following from the Report of the Prudential Committee of the American Board:

They must be allowed to make a more distinct reference to the immense number to be saved. Let us assume 400,000,000 as the population of the empire; and let us suppose them to pass before us, say five abreast, at the pace of one mile an hour. From morning to night, from night to morning, the ear is burdened with their heavy incessant tread. Who now will stand and wait till the last detachment shall have marched by? A procession of a few thousands becomes to the spectator, not unfrequently, a painful weariness. But these dusky forms, these children of dark hearts, will consume seven years in defiling before us, a long, unresting funeral train! We are awestruck and confounded,—myriads upon myriads, millions upon millions, all journeying like ourselves to the judgment-seat, and all ignorant of the way of life!

What a work to be done to save this vast number of human beings! It can be accomplished, and already glorious successes attend the labors of Christian missionaries there:—most cheering intelligence comes from nearly every mission station in the empire.

*Madagascar.*—The mission supported here by the London

Missionary Society is doing a great work, and is meeting with encouragement at nearly every point. The capital of the island is divided, like all great towns, into several distinct sections, each with a separate name. And the missionaries have taken up their residences, and divided their work in accordance with this distinction. Near the centre of the city, and on different sides of the lofty ridge on which the capital is built, are AMPARIBE, under Mr. W. E. Cousins; ANDOHALO, under Mr. Hartley; AMPAMARINANA, under Mr. Briggs; ANKADIBEVA, under Mr. Jukes. All these are seats of flourishing churches. All have dependent upon them country stations, containing many church members. It is in these country stations that the Gospel continues to make steady progress. Its labors are heartily sustained by the city Christians; and their personal zeal and liberality are growing conspicuously, and being developed in a most healthy manner. The Malagasy churches are advancing rapidly towards a real and complete support of the Gospel.

Christianity is spreading here in every direction. There are about sixty churches outside of the capital, all of which are in a flourishing condition.

### CHURCH INTELLIGENCE.

#### Protestant Episcopal Church.

*Churchmen and Dissenters in England.*—In a speech at Birmingham recently, Archdeacon Sanford, in speaking of the good will which ought to mark the intercourse of the clergy of the Established Church and the ministers of dissenting bodies, said he was far from meaning that conventional hypocrisy, the holding out of the right hand of fellowship on the platform and turning their backs on each other in the street; but he meant the genial, hearty fellowship and esteem that ought to subsist between men professing the same faith and discharging the same duties. Conciliation and comprehension were necessities of the position of the Established Church. It was most emphatically the duty of the church at present to endeavor to include, not to exclude. To remain in alliance with the State it must eschew everything that could alarm tender consciences, and it must become the church of the national religion. A great deal was said about yearnings for catholicity, and about the re-union of Christendom—which meant, among other things, reconciliation with the Church of Rome—and if that were possible, he dared say it would be desirable. But it was impossible, as involving compromises which were contrary to conscience; and Dr. Manning said that re-union was impossible without absolute submission on the part of the Church of England. That could not be, and therefore he wished those yearnings for catholicity to take another direction—to have for their objects the reformed communions of Germany, Scotland, and Scandinavia. He wished to hear the church clergy speak in terms of respect and affection for their dissenting brethren, among whom were some of the brightest examples of learning and piety. If he could not see the union in his day, he hoped his sons would.

#### Presbyterian Church.

*Presbyterianism in Boston.*—New England soils seem to be unfavorable to the growth of Calvinistic Presbyterianism. A recent writer in the Congregationalist says:

"There are at present nine churches in the Boston Presbytery, including one about re-organizing at Lawrence, Mass. There is one of these in South Boston; one in the city proper, Chickering's Hall; one at Bennington Hall, East Boston; and one each in Fall River, Providence, Wilkinsville, Hartford, and Thomaston, Conn. These are united Presbyterians. There are two Old School Presbyterian Churches in Boston, one on Beach Street, and one in East Boston, both of which belong to the Londonderry Presbytery. The former is destitute of a pastor. Its membership is about 175. The latter is much smaller; Rev. Mr. Depue, pastor."

A remarkable revival has manifested itself in the Sunday School of the Fifth Church, Cincinnati. *The Presbyter* says:

"During the singing of the hymn, 'Come to Jesus just now,' forty young persons rose to ask for prayer, and solemn and earnest prayer was accordingly offered by the superintendent and each minister present. One young man rose and professed a hope in Christ, and spoke such earnest words to his comrades as astonished all. The place was deeply solemn with the manifest presence of Christ. It was at once a Bethel and a Bochim. At the close some fifty persons remained for conversation and prayer. May the Spirit's presence and power be felt in like manner in all our churches and Sabbath Schools."

#### Baptist Church.

*Dedication at Springfield, Mass.*—A very fine church, built of brick in the Romanesque style, costing near fifty-five thousand dollars, including the lot, has been recently dedicated at Springfield, Mass. The present membership of this church is 300, and of the school 475.

The Fiftieth Anniversary of the recognition of the First Baptist Church, in Cambridgeport, took place on the 25th of December, and was a most interesting occasion. Addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Parker, R. H. Neale, and Baron Stow; a sermon by Rev. Dr. Mason, and a poem from H. S. Washburn, esq. A re-union and collation closed the proceedings in a very satisfactory manner.

At the First Baptist Church, Boston, Rev. Mr. Earle has continued to assist the pastor, Rev. Dr. Neale, in a series of afternoon and evening meetings, which are still in progress. It is most pleasant to add that a revival has commenced with marked indications of the presence of the Divine Spirit. Last Sabbath evening many presented themselves for prayer, and conversions to Christ are taking place.—*Watchman*.

#### Lutheran Church.

The statistics of the Lutheran Church, made up to the close of the present year, show that there are forty-five synods, 1,748 ministers, 3,111 congregations, and 351,860 communicants. The Synod of Pennsylvania has the largest number of congregations (300), and 50,000 communicants.

#### Roman Catholic Church.

*A Roman Catholic Sabbath in Baltimore.*—From the Methodist Protestant we learn that on a recent Sabbath, on the occasion of the dedication of a new church, the whole Catholic fraternity, except the priests, by permission of our municipal authorities, turned out in full regalia; and in pompous procession paraded our streets with banners, papal flags, crosses and bands of music, as though there were not a Protestant congregation to be annoyed and interrupted by such a pompous nuisance. If the Pope of Rome reigned in our city he could not have given his people greater liberty to outrage the obligations which one church is under not to disturb the services of another church in any way, and especially by bands of music and flaunting street pageantry.

No Methodist Church has any civil or religious right to dis-

turb any Catholic Church, when engaged in worship on the Sabbath-day, or any other day, and vice-versa.

We know of a case in which the Catholics persisted in ringing an enormous bell in one of their churches in the midst of a number of Protestant churches during the hours of Protestant worship.

*The Inevitable.*—*The Church Union.* is an able article commenting on a remark made by *The Tablet* crowning over the defeat of Garibaldi by the Papal troops says:

As American slavery went down, so shall Romanism fall, the next greatest enemy of all liberty, and without which there is no Europe, save what the short-sentenced nephew of his uncle permits to be. Romanism must fall. As snow-banks coming to tropical climates, so do your lifeless dogmas melt before the sun and light of truth in agitation. What Garibaldi means to do at Rome yet, we mean to do here and everywhere. It is the last words of the old year, 1868 will be entered upon before you and we can issue our thoughts again. This year is propitious with great events, viz., for the birth of some divine Saviour principle. The conflict will wage on Ritualism, caste, exclusiveness, sectarianism and tyranny is summed up in a word—a war on Rome. Yes, we are rebels. For resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.

*The Public Schools Dangerous.*—The Pope has lately addressed a warning to the Roman Catholics of England, concerning the deadly peril of allowing their young men to go to the English Universities, whereupon the *Univers*, the Roman Catholic organ in Philadelphia, quotes the words of Pope Pius, and points them against the public schools of Philadelphia. Hear it words:

"There are multitudes of Catholic children in the public schools here, and those same schools are quite as destructive of faith as the Universities of England. The Catholic father who sends his children to a Protestant school, is far, far worse in unnatural crime than the mother who exposes her infant on the paws of the wolf. Children are given us as blessings. To send them where their faith is certain to be poisoned, is ingratitude to our Saviour, of parallel heinousness to the pride of the fallen angels against the Almighty. Those angels are now devils in hell for their sin; the Catholics who send their children to Protestant schools have, inevitably before them, eternal companionship with those fiends. And what of the children themselves? As sure as their grace of faith perishes, and in almost all cases it perishes, their souls are lost."

Most American institutions are detestable to Catholics; but our schools are their special abomination. They love darkness rather than light, because ignorance, in their philosophy, is the mother of devotion.

*Hebrew Christian Brotherhood.*—A new Society has been organized in New York, styled "The Hebrew Christian Brotherhood." Its members are converted Jews, and its design is to seek the Christianization of their brethren. Rev. C. E. Harris is President, and J. M. Goldberg, Corresponding Secretary. Some of their officers are Jews only inwardly, being of the house and lineage spiritually of Him who will eternally make their race glorious and divine, but the active force is of the seed of Abraham. Its objects according to its circular are:—

To invite Jews to attend public meetings where Moses and the prophets are expounded with regard to the point at issue between Jews and Christians, viz.: Is Jesus of Nazareth the promised Messiah?

To circulate among the Jewish population, which according to a recent census is estimated at 250,000 at least in the United States, and of whom more than 50,000 are in the city of New York, Scriptural proofs, in the form of tracts and books, attesting the Messiahship of Jesus.

To aid pious converts from Judaism by securing them employment among Christians, as by reason of their having embraced Christianity they are, in most cases, cut off from their former relations with Jews, and are frequently without means to support themselves.

We give it God speed. May it hasten forward the hour when all these brethren of the Lord shall be found with the other disciples. The Pentecost of the world will then have fully come.

*Canada Wesleyan Missionary Society.*—The *Toronto Christian Guardian*, in commenting upon the report of the Missionary Society for 1866-7, says:

The Report of our Missionary Society, for the past year, contains 263 pages, and is full of interesting matter. The income of the year, including the grant from the Parent Society, and legacies to the amount of \$1,143, rose to the handsome sum of \$70,553.21, being \$6,441.35 above the income of the previous year. The increase from ordinary Canadian sources of income was \$3,921.40, which is very encouraging, making the largest amount ever raised in a year by the Society. The expenditure for the year was \$70,032.39, but \$4,974.73 of this sum was paid on the debt, and in recommending the Industrial School at Muncey. The debt of the Society is \$16,000, which we hope the Treasurers will soon have the satisfaction of seeing extinguished. There are 184 missionaries, 181 missions, 17 Indian day schools, 14 interpreters, and 16,740 members of society on the missions. There have been many revivals, and special attention has been paid to the encouragement of Sabbath Schools on the Domestic Missions. The work in the Hudson's Bay Territory is becoming one of vast importance, and deserves special and prompt attention at the present time. The past fruits of our missions have been very abundant and very precious.

The Palestine explorers are making large additions to our knowledge of Jerusalem. The cheesemonger's valley—the great hollow separating Zion from Moriah—turns out to have had a shape surprisingly unlike what has been supposed. When the excavations now in progress are complete, we shall have a new map of the Holy City. The present labors are devoted mainly to investigations connected with the sites of the Temple and the Holy Sepulchre. Funds are greatly needed for the completion of these labors, since no public department has yet been established in England which could either take charge of these important works or expect to secure their results for the benefit of the nation. Many a time in past years we have urged the formation of a Semitic department in the British Museum, which from the nature of the case, would be mainly devoted to biblical illustration. Surely the time has come when this idea might be carried out to the profit of science and religion.—*Athenaeum*.

In some of the primary schools of Belgium the images of the Virgin have been removed, and the Ave Maria suppressed, as useless.

The first annual meeting of all the Sunday Schools of Berlin was held in the Military Church on the 6th October, when from 2,500 to 3,000 children were present. The church was crowded in every part.

A Colporteur in Vicenza states that there is a very great desire for the Scriptures and religious books on the borders of the Tyrol.

Three schools have been instituted in Athens, containing 379 attendants, for the Scriptural instruction of the children of the Cretan refugees.



